

THE
MODERN SYREN;
OR,
Enchanting Songstrefs.

BEING
A NEW AND SELECT COLLECTION
OF THE
most admired and favourite
ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH

SONGS,		CANTATAS,
CATCHES,		DUETS,
GLEES,		BALLADS, &c.

MOST OF WHICH
ARE SUNG AT THE THEATRES
AND
PUBLIC GARDENS:

Carefully selected from all the SONG-BOOKS and
OPERAS that have been published in GREAT
BRITAIN for several Years past:

WITH A GREAT NUMBER OF
VALUABLE ORIGINALS.

SUNDERLAND:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JAMES GRAHAM.

M.DCC.LXXXI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been the study of the EDITOR, in the following Collection, to select the best known, and most favorite English, Scots, and Irish SONGS; such as are either elegant in their COMPOSITION, or admired for their MUSIC.

A great many NEW SONGS are also inserted, which have never before appeared in Print; and for which, the EDITOR desires to return his grateful acknowledgments to their respective AUTHORS: together, with many of the droll and humorous kind; whilst immoral and obscene ones have been totally excluded.

How far the EDITOR has succeeded, in making it one of the best Collections hitherto published, he must leave to the determination of the PUBLIC.

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
S O N G S.

S O N G I.

DOWN THE BURN DAVY, LOVE.

A favourite SCOTCH SONG, sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee';
Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free:
"Gang down the Burn Davy, love,
"And I will follow thee."

Now Davy did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn Side,

B

And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
Blink Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew ;
Blink Davy's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Strait to the Kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her ;
 No more ashamed to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 "Gang down the Burn Davy, love,
 "And I will follow thee."

S O N G II. GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AN IRISH AIR.

AS down on Banna's Banks I stray'd, one
 ev'ning in May,
 The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal
 ev'ry lay :
 They sung their little tales of love, they sung
 them o'er and o'er.
 Ah ! gramachree, ma chollcenouge, ma Molly
 ashtore !

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of
 nature yields,
 The primrose pale, and violet-blue, lay scatter'd
 o'er the fields ;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I
adore.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad
fate,

That doom'd me thus the slave of Love, and
cruel Molly's hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears
her in its core?

Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear: Ah! why
did I believe?

Yet who could think such tender words were
meant but to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n
could give no more.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder
yellow hill,

Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds that yon
green pasture fill;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and
fleecey store.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting
on a bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill
and coo;

Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now,
alas! 'tis o'er.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I
 e'er shall mean;
 While life remains in Stephen's heart, 'twill
 beat for thee alone;
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its
 choicest blessings pour.
Al! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ofstere!

SONG III. FEMALE LIBERTY REGAIN'D.

A favourite Song. Sung by Mr Vernon at
 Vauxhall. Set by Mr Brewster.

THO' man has long boasted an absolute sway,
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour,
 obey;

At length over wedlock fair Liberty dawns,
 And the Lords of Creation must pull in their horns;
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises, and fears,
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay Volunteers;
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
 And make of your husbands what creatures you
 please:

To arms then, ye fair Ones, and let the world see,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
 Your tongues should be us'd as a two-edged sword;
 That ear piercing weapon each husband must dread,
 Who thinks on the marks you may place on his
 head:

Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,
Be subject to, zounds, do you know who I am?
Domestic politeness shall flourish again,
When women take courage to govern the men;
'Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
'Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

S O N G IV.

By William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.

IN story we're told
How our Monarchs of old
O'er France spread their royal domain;
But no annals can shew
Their pride laid so low
As when brave George the Second did reign, brave
Boys!
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
Let Fame no more speak,
How their arms the old world did subdue;
Thro' the nations around
Let our trumpets now sound,
How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys!
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,
Our cannon's loud mouth
Shall the right of our Monarch maintain:

On America's strand
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gave law on the main, brave boys !
 Boscawen gave law on the main.

Each port and each town
 We still make our own ;
 Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
 Guadeloupe, Senegal,
 Quebec's mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys !
 Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Tho' Conflans did boast,
 He'd conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made Monsieur mute :
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys !
 And gave him an English salute.

At Minden you know
 How we conquer'd the foe,
 While homeward their army now steals ;
 Tho' they cry'd British bands
 Are too hard for our hands,
 Begar we can beat them in heels, Morbleu !
 Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
 For laurels now roam,
 Should their flat-bottom'd boats but appear :
 Our Militia shall shew
 No wooden shoe foe
 Can with freemen in battle compare, brave boys !
 Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
 Our children and wives,
 To defend is the time now or never,
 Then let each volunteer
 To the drum-head repair;
 King George and old England for ever, brave boys!
 King George and old England for ever.

SONG V. HEAVY HOURS.

By Lord Lyttelton.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of lost'ring time the cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think thee mine.

SONG VI. THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

*The last Verse of this Song is not to be met with
 in any other late Collection of Songs.*

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
 To wild and deep glens, where the Hawthorn-
 trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung : tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a proud scornful air ;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
 truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
 dow'r
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :

Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Sue his mistress might be.

SONG VII. IN THOMAS AND SALLY.

Sung by a 'Squire.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally;
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy:
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze?
Oh! no——then say how shall I
In words be able to express
My love?——it burns to such excess,
I almost die for Sally.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
O lilies of the valley;
O follow, love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

SONG VIII. FRIENDSHIP. By Mr Pope.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can
meet ;

How strange does it seem that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be found.

O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend!
Our joys when extended will always encrease,
And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace :
When Fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere ;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG IX. CHLOE'S KISSES.

By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet Kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;

But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, dear Chloe be kind ;

For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields ;

Count the flocks that on Tempè are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:
 But the wretch who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G X.

CAN Love be controul'd by advice?
 Can Madness and Reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?

Let Sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize on old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk Love will improve ev'ry joy:
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs:
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then Molly for what should we stay,
 Till all our best blood does run cold?

Our youth we can have but to-day,
We may always find time to grow old.

S O N G XI.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove!
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let Pride in splendor shine;
Ye Bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G XII.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
Your kindness would vastly improve;

Your sighs and your smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Show'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder ;
 He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother ;
 'Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which Youth did bestow ;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

S O N G XIII.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights ;
 Which, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content ?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

S O N G XIV.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love ;
 Cupid with thy bow direct me,
 Help me, all ye pow'rs above.
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
 Tell him I love and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say 'tis for him I live ;
 O may the shepherd be sincere ?

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night ;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander blest'd my sight ;
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water,

Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more !

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

S O N G XV. SUITED TO THE TIMES.

By a Gentleman in EDINBURGH.

YE Monsieurs of France, and ye Dons of proud
 Spain,
 Take heed, or you'll get a good drubbing again ;
 We often have beat you most soundly before,
 And, my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat
 you once more.

CHORUS.

Encore, encore, encore, encore,
 My word for't, we'll meet you, and beat you
 once more.

Our soldiers and sailors are equally free,
 To face you by land, or to face you by sea ;
 And should you be tempted to brave Britain's shore,
 My word for't, they'll meet you, and beat you
 once more.

Our ships are still built of the same British oak,
 And since British hearts you are leagu'd to provoke,
 You'll find them the same you have oft done before,
 For they pant but to meet you, to beat you once
 more.

No true son of Neptune will flinch from his gun,
 No bold son of Mars will you ever see run;
 In purse tho' not rich, yet in spirit not poor,
 They wish but to meet you, and beat you once
 more.

The dollars of Spain too are neat pretty things,
 And will furnish our sweet-hearts with ribbons
 and rings;
 Nay, stake but, ye Frenchmen, one small louis'd'or,
 E'en for that we will fight you, and beat you
 once more.

'Tis freedom, blest freedom! that points all
 our darts,
 That nerves all our hands, and that steels all our
 hearts;
 For that we would all die a thousand times o'er,
 Were't not better to live, and to beat you once
 more.

From George to usurp the command of the main,
 Believe me, false Bourbon, the effort is vain;
 Your madness desert, and his goodness implore,
 Lest we beat you still worse than we'er did before,

S O N G XVI. BY PARNEL.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were scarce so blest as I:

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd the stream ;
 Or ask the passing gales if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of soft Desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought :
 And eager Hope within my breast
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 And make a young unpractis'd heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it were for her ;
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 Or slights my well-meant love,
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove.

Farewel, ye birds and lonely pines,
 Adieu to tears and sighs,
 I'll leave my passion to the winds;
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

S O N G XVII. A SCOTCH SONG.

Musé by Mr Fisher. Sung by Miss Cowper, at
 Vauxhall.

THE Lowland Lads think they are fine;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike that graceful meid,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie!
 O my bonny Highland laddie;
 My handsome charming Highland laddie;
 May Heaven still guard, and love reward,
 Our Lowland lads and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest Lowland lady,
 I'd take young Donald in his trows,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaid;
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lowland-kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed
 May please a Lowland laird and lady.
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lowland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

S O N G XVIII.

Sung by Mr Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the ocean and thrashing
 Monsieur,

In Old England we're landed once more;
 Your hands, my brave shipmates, halloo boys, what
 cheer,

For a sailor that's just come on shore?

These hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
 doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—Morblien!
 But hold there, avast! they were plaguey out,
 We have sic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yen invaders shall soon do you right ;
The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars ;
Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gypies look to't ;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like ;
But 'ware those fair colours, for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the King, may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid :
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main :
At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storm overwhelm :
Steady, steady and safe may she sail :
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

SONG XIX. THE WORDS BY MR GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
O! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Seen as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
'The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.——
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
'The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoever I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale:
Thy skin is ivory so white;

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return :

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;

No longer must she stay on board ;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :

Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land :

Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G XX.

Sung by Mrs Burchell, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr ARNE.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
My Swain come o'er the hill !

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;

I met him with good will :

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,

When his flocks near me lay ;

He gathered in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,

Where rest was my repose ;

I wish I was with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody:
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour:
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 Oh! the broom, &c.

SONG XXI. THE CONTENTED MILLER.

By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr Hudson, at Ranelagh.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows—(a freehold
 estate)

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
 Those blessings that Nature to grand ones denies;
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
 His constant companions are Health and Content:

Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if they will,
For he's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carrol salutes the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May ;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state ;
Of bribing elections, in hopes to be great ;
No fraud nor ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray ;
Sits down to a dinner of plain English food ;
And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good :
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John ;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
-- No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

S O N G XXII.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs Scot, in the
Conscious Lovers. Set by Mr Baildon.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment !
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ;
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my
heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known :

But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
name!

How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are her charms!
Her embraces how joyful! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to Beauty's bright standard all heroes must
yield;
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
field.

SONG XXIII.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me:

And while the wind blows,

And while the mill goes,

Who'll be so happy, so happy, as we!

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is stout, and my heart it is sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.

I love Sue, &c.

D

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
 Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
 We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

I love Sue, &c.

'Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
 Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine
 clothes,

In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
 Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
 While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
 lies still,

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.

S O N G XXIV.

Set by Dr Arne. In Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay:
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies:
 Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gav,

How sweet with the bottle and lass to refresh !
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, sickle Fortune defy ;
 Dull Wisdom all happiness fours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G XXV.

Sung in the Pantomime of THE ELOPEMENT.

MRS SCOTT.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and
 ye neighbours,
 'The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your labours,
 And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day ;
 Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
 Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

MRS DORMAN.

Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,
 Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the great ;
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state ;
 We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health.
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

MRS SCOTT.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.

Duetto. Then come at our bidding to this happy
 wedding,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

S O N G XXVI.

COWDEN KNOWS.

Sung at Vauxhall. New set by Mr Smith.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambskins feed,
 And music fills the groves:
 But my lov'd song is then the Broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haugh, and Leader-side:
 Oh! how I bless the sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
 May with this Broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor Bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows ;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

S O N G XXVII.

Sung by Mr Reinhold, in Love in a Village.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate ;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run :
 Well, who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G XXVIII.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain ;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
Must, in, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down ;
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Shall to thy happy coast repair.
 Blest Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

SONG XXIX.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Set by Mr Battisill, and sung at Vauxhall.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light:
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till Morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:

The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green :
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen ;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

S O N G XXX.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion nae mair tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

S O N G XXXI.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

I Do as I will with my swain;
 He never once thinks I am wrong;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so well with my song.

A song is the shepherd's delight ;
 He hears me with joy all the day ;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while ;
 My voice set his mind all to rest,
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature or art ;
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear.
 Soon found out the way to his heart :
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng ;
 I won the rich prize with much ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

S O N G XXXII.

Sung by Mrs Baddeley, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr Dibdin.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear:
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bee, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the birks of Invermay.

S O N G XXXIII.

THE PARSON. FROM STEVENS.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him
an ass,

Who at cares of this world wou'd repine;
'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel Fortune's
frown,

That Jove sent us, Jove sent us the juice of
the vine.

'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,
And enlivens the lump of our clay;

The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they
preach.

Then believe them, believe them, who pleases,
I say.

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,

Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,

Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,
Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong,
went the bell:

Then, having a hic—cup, took the chair with a
kick—up,

I must go, else the church will complain;

But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
priesthood,

I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you
again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest;

To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose,

And cries, excellent, excellent wine, I protest.

The whole congregation, in strange consterna-
tion ;

Left the church, with a sigh at the cause ;
But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're
all out ;

Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

In law, 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind ;
Yet she'll squint if self-int'rest do call ;

And I'm certain I cou'd, o'er a hogthead that's
good,

Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury,
and all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,
Old Noah could tipple, they say ;

And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense,
Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah : Huzza!

S O N G XXXIV.

HARK! hark ye, how echoes the horn in
the vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter for ignoble rest,
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast :

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,

And the cry of the huntsman is, hark, hark away:

Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys,

Haite, haite, let's away,—so to horse, my brave
boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,

Where meaner delights to more noble give place!

While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry ;

Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old
Care ;

Forgetful of labour we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

S O N G XXXV.

THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a
buss :

Go, fellow ! said I, mind your plow and your cart ;
I thank you for nothing,—thank you for nothing,
Thank you for nothing, with all my heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box with a paper of snuff ;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art,
To cry, thank you for nothing, &c.

He said, were I kind he would make me his wife,
I own I was never so dash'd in my life ;
Yet I could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing, &c.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him on Sunday to chappel I went ;
But said, 'twas my goodness, more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing, &c.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
I thank'd him for nothing, &c.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
throw,

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know:
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something,

Thank'd him for something,

Thank'd him for something, with all my heart.

S O N G XXXVI. By Mr GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy.

You, greater hards, your lyre should hit;
For say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight;
 All's happy when she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the water love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.

And when Death lifts his pointed dart,
 To strike the blow that rends my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy!

S O N G XXXVII.

YE Fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will,
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill;

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flattery bears no part ;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage ;
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage :
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make.
 Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Camesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

S O N G XXXVIII.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away,
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed, on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 'Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth,
 Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and wealth,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung in Thomas and Sally. Set by Dr ARNE.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was
 like me!
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
 A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
 'Twas this, Sir--and that, Sir--but scarce ever nay.
 And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
 Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can ;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me ; but let me alone ;
 Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
 tow'rd,
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
 This Time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his
 dart ;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G XL. By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

The Sycamore Shade. A Ballad.

Sung by Mrs PINTO. Set by Dr ARNE.

T'Other day as I sat in the Sycamore Shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled--I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet.
 One kiss he demanded—No more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score;
 My lambskins I've kiss'd, and no change ever
 found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill:
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
 round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade,
 For shelter I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there,
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

S O N G X L I.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

THERE was once, it is said,
 Tho' most out of my head;
 But I'm sure, boys, that true is my tale;
 A tun-belly'd Vicar,
 Bepimped with liquor,
 Could stick to no text like good ale. Tol, &c.

He one night went to dose,
 For, under the rose,
 The parson was *Non se ipse* ;
Non se ipse! d'ye say,
 Whats that to the lay' ?
 In plain English, the parson was tipsey.

The clerk he came in,
 With a band-bobbing chin,
 As solemn and stupid as may be ;
 The vicar he gap'd,
 The clerk hemm'd and scrap'd,
 Saying Please Sir, to bury a baby.

Now, our author supposes,
 The clerk's name was Moses,
 He look'd like his master so roisy :
 He wink'd with one eye,
 With his wig all awry,
 And hiccup'd out—How is it, Mose' ?

A child, Sir, is carry'd,
 By you to be bury'd,
 Bury me, Moses!—no, that won't do, sure.
 Good Sir! says the clerk,
 You're quite in the dark,
 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you, Sir.

Well, pri'thee, don't hurry,
 The infant I'll bury—
 But, Sir, the corps cannot stay :
 Well, can't it? but why,
 For once we will try,
 If a corps, Moses, can run away.

Then Moses reply'd,
 Sir, the parish will chide,

For keeping them out in cold weather;
 Then Moses, quoth he,
 Go tell them from me,
 I'll bury them warm all together.

But, Sir, it rains hard,
 Pray, have some regard—
 Regard! ay, 'tis that makes me stay;
 For no corps, young or old,
 In rain can catch cold,
 But faith, Moses, you and I may.

Moses begg'd he'd begone,
 Saying,—Sir, the rain's done;
 Arise, and I'll lend you my hand.
 'Tis hard, quoth the vicar,
 To leave thus my liquor,
 And go, when I'm sure I can't stand.

At length, tho' fore troubl'd,
 To the church-yard he hobbl'd,
 Lamenting the length of the way;
 Then Moses, said he,
 Were I a bishop, d'ye see,
 I would neither walk, preach, or pray.

Then he open'd the book,
 As if in it he'd look,
 But o'er the page only he squinted;
 Crying, Moses, I'm vex'd,
 For I can't find the text,
 This book is so wretchedly printed.

Good people, let's pray,
 For life's but a day;

Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon :
 Man is but a flow'r,
 Cut down in an hour,
 Strong-ale, Moses, won't do it so soon.

Woman of man born—
 No—sure—The leaf's torn,
 For in woman the natural swell is ;
 The world would grow wild,
 Were men got with child,
 Moses, you and I might have big bellies.

Good people, let's pray,
 And mind what I say,
 In former times saints could work miracles,
 And raise from the dead—
 There's no more to be said,
 For, Moses, I've dropt down my spectacles.

Come, let us go forth,
 Put the child in the earth ;
 Dust to dust—dust it away ;
 For, Moses, I trust,
 We all should be dust,
 If we were not to moisten our clay.

So, one pot, and then ;
 The clerk said, Amen :
 And thus we have carry'd the farce on.
 The taste of the times
 Will relish our rhymes,
 When the ridicule runs on a parson.

STEVENS.

SONG XLII.

Set by Mr BACH.

BY my sighs you may discover
 What soft wishes touch my heart;
 Eyes can speak and tell each other,
 What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love. [Da Capo.

SONG XLIII.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The little warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again:
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sung across the mead;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Chlora's charms I view'd:
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale,

But all in vain—she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair address'd:
“Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.”

SONG XLIV.

CONTENT. By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr Hudson. Set by Mr Goodwin, jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, bar-
ren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had
crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances
she cast,
Love sily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd.

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)

"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple, yet sweet were her charms;

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if on the banks, by the stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views;

Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,

And mark out new themes for my muse.

To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire;

The damsel's of humble descent:

The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,

And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

S O N G XLV.

IN THE WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,

Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?

He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and delighting each eye:

He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily;

The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;

And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming
an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withall!
He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he
did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare?

S O N G XLVI.

Sung by Mrs MATTOCKS, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize! oh seize! some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;

Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind:
 Cupid, God, &c.

What is grandeur? Foe to rest;
 Childish mummery at best.
 Happy I in humble state!
 Catch ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

S O N G XLVII.

Sung by Mrs PINTO, in ARTAXERXES.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, Love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which Love did first create;
 What was my pride, is now my shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
 The weakness of my heart,
 Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
 To take a traitor's part.

S O N G XLVIII. Sung in LETHE.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;

Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair:
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care.

SONG XLVIII. MAY, the Mother of Love.

Written by Mr Cunningham. Set by Mr Long.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May, as the mother of Love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine ;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine ;
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutter's in bridal array ;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May :
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of Love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay ;
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds in tune,
 For music must welcome the May :
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of Love.

S O N G L.

The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in
the Overture of THOMAS and SALLY.

Sung by Mrs PINTO at RANELAGH.

Set by Dr ARNE.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came:
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small;
Unusual joy her heart did feel;
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist,
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel:
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise;
He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:
Her fondness she could scarce conceal;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd:
'Then push'd him from the rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride:
 'Twas then her love she did reveal.
 And flung away her spinning-wheel.

S O N G L I.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr ARNE.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day in its morning-dress
 Is half so fair as she;
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did you but know the sweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip:
 But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun;
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn;
 More sportive than the kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
 To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
 Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away!
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

S O N G LII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr WORGAN.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go;
 The duce fure is in him for plaguing me so.
 The duce fure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, no:
 The duce fure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The duce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive ?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow :
 What mortal besides him would plague a maid so ?
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the
 wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake :
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again :
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather me marry'd, &c.

S O N G LIII.

Sung by Mr BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,
 First is courted by a man,
 Let 'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.
 Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold ;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Lest the folks should think her bold.
 But the parson comes in sight,
 Gives the word to bill and coo ;
 'Tis a different story quite,
 And she quickly buckles to.

S O N G L I V.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew;
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the swift beagles spread over the lawns;
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant, as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start, just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
 While joyous, from valley to valley, resounds
 The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate:
 Borne by their bold couriers, no dangers they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark, &c.

SONG LV.

TUNE, Lumps of Pudding.

ONE ev'ning Good-humour took Wit as his
 guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
 Their liquor was claret, and Love was their host,
 And Mirth, Song, and Sentiment, garnish'd each
 toast:
 But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their
 design,
 (For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit, and wine),
 Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'Tis past
 twelve o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound;
 When brought to the light, how much were they
 pleas'd,
 To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd!
 His glass was his lantern, his scythe was his pole,
 His single lock dandled a-down his smooth skull;
 My friends, quoth he, coughing, I tho't fit to
 knock,
 And bid ye begone, for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom-tooth'd savage, on this advice fix,
 Tho' Nature strikes twelve, folly still points to six:
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd
 bear it,
 So hid him at once in a hog'shead of claret,
 This is right, call'd out Wit, while we're in our
 prime,
 There is nothing like claret for killing of Time;

Huzza! rejoic'd Love, now no more can he knock,
Nor impertinent tell us, 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Now Time is no more, or no more can forbid us,
Love and Wit of that troublesome guest well has
rid us:

Yet if Time should be wanting for any design,
Henceforth he'll be found in a hog'shead of wine.
Since Time is confin'd in our wine, let us think,
By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink;
Come, lads, let your glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking is always well-tim'd.

SONG LVI.

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick Banks, in a summer's night,
At glowming, when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will you go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night, when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my simmer sheild.
 'Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the laughest day seem short.

S O N G LVII.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, don't press you like slaves,
 For, who are so free as we sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Hearts of oak are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady;

We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay;
 They never meet us, but they wish us away:

If they run, then we follow, and run them a-shore,
 And if they wont fight us, what can we do more?
 Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaus:
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
 Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
 them sweat,
 In spite of the devil, and Brussel's gazette:
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
 Hearts of Oak, &c.

S O N G LVIII.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
 More-pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre:
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike the smiles on you and me:
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole :
 A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
 All centre in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;
 Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more.
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG LIX.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose, and sung his rural lay :
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung.
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song !
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste, and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark ! my love, on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay.
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay !
 With rapture calls, O come away ;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

S O N G L X.

JESSEMOND MILL.

TO sing of some nymph in her cot,
 Each bard will ext flourish his quill ;
 I'm glad it has fall'n to my lot
 To celebrate Jessemond Mill.

When Spring hither winds her career,
 Our trees and our hedges to fill,
 Vast oceans of verdure appear,
 To charm you at Jessemond Mill.

To plant ev'ry rural delight,
 Here Nature has lavish'd her skill :

Here fragrant soft breezes unite,
And wanton round Jessemond Mill.

When Silence each ev'ning here dwells,
The birds in their coverts all still,
No music in sweetness excels
The clacking of Jessemond Mill.

Reclin'd by the verge of the stream,
Or stretch'd on the side of the hill,
I'm never in want of a theme,
Whilst learning at Jessemond Mill.

Sure Venus some plot has design'd;
Or why is my heart never still,
Whenever it pops in my mind
'To wander at Jessemond Mill?

My object, ye swains, you will guess,
If ever in love you had skill;
And, faith, I will frankly confess,
'Tis Jenny of Jessemond Mill.

S O N G L X I.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERDESS.

TUNE—If love's a sweet passion, &c.

ON a bank's flow'ry verge, beside a clear brook,
A fair shepherdess sat, in her hand was her
crook;
Her dog, by her side, lay at ease on the ground;
And her flocks overspread the green pastures a-
round:

But the tears from her eyes in pure riv'lets they
 flow'd,
 Whilst her breast with these accents rapturously
 glow'd :

O! why cruel Fate from my arms did ye tear
 My faithful young shepherd, ever constant and dear?
 And force him away to a distance so far,
 'Midst the direful alarms of outrageous war!
 'There he'll basely be mangl'd or inhumanly slain,
 And my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see
 again.

Ye woods and ye groves, where often we've stray'd,
 Whilst our lambs frisk'd their gambols, and spor-
 tively play'd ;
 Where first my young swain made to me known his
 love,
 And swore ever constant and true he would prove :
 Now in vain your trees bud, they all flourish in vain,
 Since my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see
 again.

Ye cool shady bow'rs and sweet-scented alcoves ;
 And ye songsters, who chant your gay notes in the
 groves ;
 Ye high water-falls, and smooth serpentine
 streams ;
 Rural subjects for lovers, for them pleasing themes :
 All your beauties displease me, your music gives
 pain,
 Since my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see
 again.

No more will my swain gladden yon lonely vale ;
 Nor no more will his music dance on the fresh gale :

His pipe was so pleasing and soft in the grots,
 That linnets, to listen, oft dropt their sweet notes :
 But I'm left, with the turtle, to mourn and com-
 plain,
 For my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see again.

S O N G LXII.

Sung by Mr Fawcett, at Richmond.

Set by Mr Hook.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hun-
 ters all cry,
 We've got a strong scent, and a favouring sky :
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
 song,
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long :

Bright Phœbus has shewn us a glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase ;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
 ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;
 But tell her that love must to hunting give place,
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in
 the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring :
 To George, peace and glory may Heaven dispense,
 And foxhunters flourish ten thousand years hence.

S O N G L X I I I .

Sung at RANELAGH.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
 To hear the wood's choristers warble and
 sing ;

Young Phoebe he saw supinely was laid,
 And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid ;
 And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
 To live, &c.

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
 Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid ?
 Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
 Can do what you please with right and with wrong ;
 Can it be or by law or by equity said,
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid ?
 That a comely, &c.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid;
 Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;
 Ye echoes of echo, and ye shadows of shade;
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid;
 For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
 Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted swain;
 And Phoebe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid;
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

S O N G LXIV

THE HONEST FELLOW. Set by Dr ARNE.

PHO! Pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
 Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a
 rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about;
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
 Of pulling for love, while he's able to drink?
 Of pulling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bellows;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king;
 The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's Cases see, page twenty-six:
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl;
 Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound;
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round;
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

S O N G L X V.

Sung at RANELAGH.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and
 my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
 I dwell on her praises where-ever I go;
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no;
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no;
 But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
 Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again :
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
 But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ;
 Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
 Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G L X V I.

BANKS OF THE DEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were
 blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree :
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;

'Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour

Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
 mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he :

And ah! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the loud-roaring
 billows;
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But Time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet re-
 store him;

Blest Peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
 o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall show all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

S O N G LXVII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the
 green plains,

And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
 swains

Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray;
 But Sandy no more returns to my view;

No spring-time me cheers, no music can charm;
 He's gone!—and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!

Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can charm!

H

O Alloo house ! how much art thou chang'd !
 How silent—how dull to me is each grove !
 Alone I here wander, where once we both rang'd,
 Alas ! where to please me my Sandy once strove.
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told,
 Here list'ned too fond when ever you sung ;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold ?
 Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
 And Shame her last fault'ring accents suppress ;
 For Fate, at that moment, brought back her
 dear swain,

Who heard, and with rapture, his Nelly address :
 My Nelly ! my fair, I come, O my love !

No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms ;
 And, Nelly, no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
 charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love, be true ? she reply'd :

And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?

O Nelly ! I live to see thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then, adieu to all sorrow ; what soul is so blind
 As not to live happy, for ever, with you ?

S O N G LXVIII. Sung in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have
 warm'd,
 You waken'd my Passions, my senses have charm'd ;
 In vain against Merit and Cymon I strove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frostnipt no raptures can flow:
 Eternum to him but a desert will prove:
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young Season
 be gay,
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
 May;
 Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the grove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

S O N G LXIX.

Sung in the Character of Careful in the Press-gang.

DAUGHTER you're too young to marry,
 'Tis too soon to be a wife
 Yet a little longer tarry,
 Ere you know the cares of life.
 Wedlock is a fickle station,
 Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife;
 Oh! how great the alteration,
 'Twixt the maiden and the wife!

Love and Courtship are but stupid,
 Glory has superior charms;
 Mars should triumph over Cupid.
 When Bellona calls to arms:
 As for you, Sir, do your duty,
 Oh! were I but young again,
 I'd not linger after Beauty,
 But go play my part with Spain.

S O N G LXX.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

MY former time how brisk and gay,
 So blithe was I as blithe could be,
 But now I'm sad, ah! well-a-day,
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lad's pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;
 For I to death shall love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 'Till my true love returns from sea.

S O N G LXXI.

Sung by Mr Leoni, in the English Opera of
 ARTAXERXES.

WATER, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile valleys glide.

Though, in search of full repose,
 Through the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 'Till it reach its native home.

S O N G LXXII.

Set by Dr Arne. In Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess is fine!
But, mark you the consequence, mum;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun:
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out;
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G LXXIII.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr Hook.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change
 At ev'ry face that's new :
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was once a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye,
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true :
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

S O N G LXXIV.

Sung by Mr Shuter, in Midas.

O ! What pleasures will abound,
 When my wife is laid in ground ;
 Let earth cover her—we'll dance over her ;
 When my wife is laid in ground.
 O how happy should I be !
 Would little Nyfa pig with me ;
 How I'd mumble her—touze, and tumble her ;
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.

S O N G LXXV.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roſt,
 And a new flow of ſpirits enlivens my ſoul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave ſober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never ſhall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our ſenſes improve,
 'Tis the ſpring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile ſo divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come my dear charmer, thou nymph half-
 divine,
 Firſt pledge me with kiſſes, next pledge me with
 wine:
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.

But ſhould'ſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be bleſt with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glaſs.

S O N G LXXVI.

NEAR the ſide of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill:
 Fresh Health blooms her ſtrong roſy hue o'er his
 face,
 And Honesty gives e'en to Awkwardneſs grace.

Bestow'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night is as blest as a king :
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade.
 For that's an excise to his industry paid :
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear :
 And he values not them of ten thousand a-year :
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote ;
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat ;
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what
 they will,
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace :
 Tho' Old England, he knows may have strength,
 and have skill,
 To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with the stiff plow turns up furrows of clay :
 His harvest is crown'd with good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free :
 With his hand and his heart to King George does
 he fill,
 May all loyal souls act the Man of the Mill.

S O N G LXXVII.

Sung by Mr Dunfal, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

A Plague of those wenches! they make such
a pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.

What tho' he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on;

You cannot persuade 'em,

'Till promise you've made 'em;

And after they've got it,

They'll tell you—*ad rot* it!

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:

And then, to be sure, Sir,

There is but one cure, Sir:

And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Sung in The Double Disappointment.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in
my song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,

Balinamone Ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;

I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:

So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and
 I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your little white fist for me.

S O N G LXXIX.

Sung in HARLEQUIN SORCERER.

Set by Dr ARNE.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home:
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His can and his las in his hand:
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or
 spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
 When Ceres bids play and keep holliday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung by Mr Reinhold, in Love in a Village.

ONS! Neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle
 like this;
 What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kifs?
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G LXXXI.

Sung by Mrs Stephens, in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G LXXXII.

Sung by Miss Catley, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice :
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry Nature's laws,
 And children still obey :
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway ?

S O N G LXXXIII.

Sung in the Chaplet, by Mr Vernon.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart

While thus we sit round on the grass :
The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass ;
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass ;
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass ;
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass ;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horn's of an ox on the ass ;
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with brass,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;
There you, my good friend, are an ass ;
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But Death proves the doctor an afs;
 But Death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and las;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

SONG LXXXIV.

Sung by Mr Dibdin, in The Padlock.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led?
 A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed;
 Night and day 'tis the same,
 My pain is dere game;
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.
 Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where.
 Above or below,
 Sirrah, come, firrah, go;
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh! Oh!
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G LXXXV.

Sung in The Chaplet, by Mr Vernon and Mrs
Scott.

DAMON.

CONTENTED all day I will sit by your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool tide;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song;
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

Whilst you are but by me, no danger I fear;
Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease;
For my shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each
lay:
Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life;
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of
the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not add to their care;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to de-
fend;
Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins re-
 nown'd;
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
 Be their moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
 To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in
 their youth;
 To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in
 their youth.

S O N G LXXXVI.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

Sung by Mrs Arne, at RANELAGH.

Set by Dr ARNE.

WHEN innocent pastimes our pleasure did
 crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
 E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she.
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen?
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those
 e'en,

That look with disdain on unfortunate me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:

Oh ! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,
That slid away softly between thee and me ;
E'er squirrels, and beans, and their fopp'ry had
pow'r

To rival my love and impose upon thee.
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy desires be all center'd in me :
Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

S O N G LXXXVII.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

Set by Mr Potter.

LAST Midsummer eve, as I pass'd thro' the
grove,
I met with young Phillis, the goddess of Love ;
My heart was transported, you well may suppose,
I gave her a kiss—but 'twas under the rose.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd, with a frown,
“ Don't fancy, young swain, I'll be kiss'd by a
“ clown ;

“ I'm courted by young Strephon—see yonder
“ he goes ;”

Still I gave her a kiss—but 'twas under the rose.

"Come, come, dearest charmer," I tenderly cry'd,
 "I care not for Strephon; I'll not be deny'd,
 "He's false to young Phillis; he very well knows,
 "My heart is right honest, tho' under the rose."

"If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do?"
 (She answered in anguish) "No men sure are true."
 "O yes, my dear girl; (I reply'd) don't suppose
 "But Damon is constant, tho' under the rose."

"If you love me, (she cry'd) here then freely I
 "give
 "My heart and affection as long as I live."
 I led her to church, and she does not suppose
 But Damon is constant, tho' under the rose.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

ADVICE TO MYRA.

Set by Mr Bates.

I See it, Myra, know it well,
 That love has reach'd your heart;
 For what your tongue denies to tell,
 Your willing eyes impart.
 When Damon wrestles on the green,
 Your looks your passion prove;
 For in your eyes is plainly seen
 The partial joy of love.

When Suky gave her lily hand
 To Damon in the vale,

Say, could you then your fears command,
 Did not your cheek turn pale?
 Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,
 But plainly own your flame,
 For love consists of honest truth,
 And will itself proclaim.

S O N G LXXXIX.

Set by Mr Bach.

IN this shady blest retreat,
 I've been wishing for my dear;
 Hark! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near.

'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
 True to Love's appointed hour;
 Joy and Peace now smile again,
 Love, I own thy mighty power. [DaCapo.]

S O N G XC.

Sung by Mrs Pinto.

Set by Mr Arnold.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
 How much more to give him ease;
 When his passion we discover,
 Oh how pleasing 'tis to please.

The bliss returns, and we receive
 Transports greater than we give. [Da Capo.]

S O N G XCI.

SINCE every charm on earth combine
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
 Why was I born, ye gods, to see
 What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with every nymph but she
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
 That death must be my hapless state,
 If love and you do not agree
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy every clown I see
 Enjoying the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And every idle care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G XCII.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

OSANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me:

Now dowie I figh on the banks of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

S O N G X C I I I.

Sung by Mrs Baddely, at Vauxhall.

MY Jockey was the blithest lad,
That ever maiden woo'd;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love, whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow;
Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At every fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan :
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair ;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by,
 For I alone am all his care,
 When any danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed, next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

S O N G XCIV.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

Sung by Mrs Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr ARNE.

PHŒBUS meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyric's call repair,
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come, and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of Art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British fair.

S O N G XCV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr Samuel Howard.

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter?
In what secret grove or cave?
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave;
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns:
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
(If Discretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
Sometimes are the booby's lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now some subtle mean invader
Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O Discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mammas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fewel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns :
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

S O N G X C V I.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

From Fawkes's ANACREON.

Set by Mr Yates.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
 Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
 Still exhilarates my soul
 With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive round ;
 Then I feel in sparkling wine,
 Transports delicate, divine.

Then the sprightly music warms,
 Song delights and beauty charms :
 Debonnair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the hours away.

S O N G XCIV.

HOW happy are we, when the wind is abaft
 And the boatswain he pipes, hawl both ou
 sheets aft ?
 Steady, steady, says the master, it blows a fresh
 gale ;
 We'll soon reach our port, boys, if the wind doe
 not fail.
 Then drink about Tom, altho' the ship roll,
 We'll save our rich liquor by slinging our bowl.

S O N G XCV.

THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE.

LIFE is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 See the crew, in flannel-jerkins,
 Drinking, toping slip by firkins ;
 And as they raise the tip to their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But, Pr'ythee Jack, pr'ythee Dick, pr'ythee Sam,
 pr'ythee Tom,
 Let the cann go round.

C H O R U S.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle ;
 Bustle, bustle, bustle, brave boys ;
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while,
 For labour's the price of our joys,
 For labour's the price of our joys.

Life is chequer'd, &c.
 Hark, the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-ey'd Sufan's graces ;
 And as they raise the notes, thro' their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd, &c.
 Hark, the crew their cares discarding,
 With hussle-cap, or with-chuck-farthing :
 Still in a merry pin, whether they lose or win.
 On the deck, &c.

S O N G XCVI.

DE'IL TAKE THE WARS.

DE'IL take the wars that hurried Billy from
 me,
 Who to love me just had sworn ;
 They made him captain sure to undo me ;
 Woe's me ! he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run :
 Day and night I did invite him,
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;
 And had he my soft arms,
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking :
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again ;
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine :
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace-shoes and silk hose, garter full over knee ;
 But, oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought ;
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

S O N G C.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass, as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thine fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Can't tell me, laddie, where ?

To town I hy, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around:
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.



SONG CL.

By Dr PERCY.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,

Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mein
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

S O N G CII.

Sung by Mrs Mattocks, in The Maid of the MILL.

WITH the Man that I love, was I destin'd
to dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire,
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
I yield them the bliss where their wishes are plac'd ;
Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G CIII.

Sung by Mr Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

OH ! had I been by Fate decreed,
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain ;

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know ;
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low ?

SONG CIV.

YOUNG COLIN.

Sung by Mrs Vincent.

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest swain
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
 Or danc'd upon the lee :
 The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
 That frolics o'er the flow'ry ground,
 Was not so blithe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
 But, ah ! the youth was all deceit,
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow-groves,
 Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;
 Here Jenny told her woes ;
 And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
 Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
 That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
 So shall your swain your hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair :
 Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
 Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
 False Colins every where.

S O N G C V .

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sung by Mr Hudson.

Y E shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! Love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes Wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let Reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly;

I would hide with the beasts of the chace ;
 I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove,
 With the same sad complaint it begun,
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

S O N G C V I.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where Love and Peace delight to rest ;
 What tho' thy Jocky has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green ;
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true a nosegay I had dress'd
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast ;
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye.
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn ;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

S O N G C V I I.

COULD you guess, for I ill can repeat,
 The sensation I'm destin'd to prove ;
 'Tis something than friendship more sweet,
 More passionate even than love.

For ever, when absent from you,
 Pale Echo returns my fond sighs ;
 But when haply your beauties I view,
 On my lips the faint utterance dies.

This the secret I had to betray ;
 And the fate of my passion is such,
 That in what I was prompted to say,
 Methinks I have utter'd too much.

SONG CVIII.

THE LASS OF HOWGATE.

TUNE—The bonniest lass in a' the world.

FRAE Peebles town as I did pass
 To where Edina rises,
 'Twas then I spy'd this lovely lass,
 Whose every charm surprises.

Awake, awake, thou rural reed
 That charm'd the braes of Yarrow :
 Forego a while thy dear lov'd Tweed,
 To chaunt this matchless marrow.

Her raven-locks, her sparkling een
 Of love that speak and pleasure :
 Her cheek that bears the rose's sheen,
 Her mouth its fragrant treasure.

Wi' pearl and gold let ladies crow
 Ilk foul-subduing feature,
 Fair Nature's lavish hand alone
 Adorns this blooming creature.

Tho' Pope to sing his Molly Mog
Thought not below his duty,
To this sweet maid the rosy rogue
Would yield the prize of beauty.

Go then, my sang, and tell each swain
The Howgate-inn that passes,
That Beauty there enjoys her reign
In this flow'r of Lothian lasses.

S O N G C I X.

OXFORDSHIRE NANCY BEWITCH'D.

By Mr Garrick.

Set by Mr Shield.

THO' I'm slim, and am young, and was lively and fair,
Cou'd sing a sweet song, and in others kill care,
Yet I'm surely bewitch'd, for I can't drive away
What makes me so restless by night and by day.
In vain I perplex my poor fancy
To find out the grief,
But alas no relief!
Heigho! what can be the matter with Nancy?

With my head on my pillow I seek for repose,
Which comes to the wretched, and softens their
woes;
But sleepless, tho' blameless, I sigh thro' the night;
And the day can't relieve me, tho' ever so bright.
In vain I perplex, &c.

So evil a spirit that haunts a poor maid,
 By the grave sons of phyfic can never be laid;
 If a youth vers'd in magic would take me in hand,
 I'm sure of a cure, if he waves but his wand.

In vain I perplex, &c.

A young Oxford scholar knows well my sad case,
 For he look'd in my eyes, and read over my face;
 So learned he talk'd, that I felt at my heart,
 He must have great skill in the magical art.

In vain I perplex, &c.

O send for this scholar, and let him prescribe,
 He'll do me more good than the medical tribe;
 Then the rose with the lilly again shall appear,
 And my heart, now so heavy, dance thro' the whole
 year;

No more I'll perplex my poor fancy

To find out the grief,

For he'll soon bring relief,

Heigho! he knows what's the matter with
 Nancy!

S O N G CX.

Sung by Mr Bannister in The Summer Amusement

GO high, go low, in ev'ry state,
 The sailor's heart is true.

In adverse, or in prosp'rous fate,

He joins the crew:

Then toiling early, watching late,

Defends his king and country's cause,

In hopes to be,

When come from sea,

Chear'd with applause.—

At home, when sports his welcome crown,
His wife's the liveliest of the throng :
Or when care sinks his spirits down,
Her endearing smile
Rewards his toil,
And greets his fav'rite song.
Go high, &c.

So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
Our friendship closer will cement ;
Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
And gladly share my heart's content.
I'll grasp the hand that made her mine,
To social scenes my hours resign,
While all the wonted strain shall join,
Go high, go low, &c.

S O N G C X I.

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

IN spring, my dear shepherds, your flowrets
are gay,
They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of
May,
But hang down their heads when December
draws near ;
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er the
plains,
All, all are in love while the summer remains ;

L

Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love is when youth's in its prime,
Ye lads and ye lasses make use of your time;
The frost of old age will too quickly appear;
The winter of life is like that of the year.

S O N G CXII.

Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no further
I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week:
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And Register's office will get me a place.

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend;
Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end:
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do?

S O N G CXIII.

Sung by Mr Vernon, in Cymon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

S O N G CXIV.

FAT DOLLY THE COOK.

Written by Mr CAWDELL, and sung by him in
 the character of CORPORAL TRIM, in the Fu-
 neral of Sir Richard Steele.

O ! Lovely Dolly, fat and sleek, when stand-
 ing by the fire,
 Her shining neck and greasy cheek inflam'd my
 fond desire :
 But when the kitchen fire she stirr'd, she scorch'd
 my very liver ;
 And as the mutton turn'd, I burn'd, we roasted
 both together.
 No partridge, pheasant, cock, or hare could come
 within the larder,
 But Corporal Trim was sure to share ; 'twas that
 made me regard her :
 And then a sop i' the pan so sweet, so nice, so
 brown, and fav'ry
 That tho' my lord the mutton eat, 'twas Trim
 got all the gravy.
 How often did I sigh and pine, when she has stirr'd
 a pudding,
 To see her put her spice and wine, and other mat-
 ters good in ;

But when the plumbs she pick'd and clean'd, poor
 Trim was sure to rue it,
 And as the mutton-fat she skin'd, I curs'd the
 plumbs and suet.

A fire she's made within my breast, without the
 help of fuel ;
 A calf's head on my shoulders plac'd, my soul is
 water gruel.
 Would but Pythag'ras set me free from a life of
 melancholly,
 A little turnspit dog I'd be, and turn the wheel
 for Dolly.

S O N G CXV.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr ARNE.

THE May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show ;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho !

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low ;
 Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
 And never sit crying—Heigho !

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—Heigho !

Fit age ev'ry one a new part takes ;
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so :
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 And no one will mind you—Heigho !

S O N G CXVI.

GENTEEL DAMON.

By the QUEEN.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air,
 His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and
 fair,

Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
 He's manly yet tender, he's fond and yet wise.

He's ever good humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
 His presence can always drive sorrow away :
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
 But open his temper, and noble his mien.

By virtue illumin'd his actions appear,
 His passions are calm, and his reason is clear :
 An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
 For his heart is too honest to let him deceive ;
 Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly ye can,
 Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the man.

S O N G CXVII.

THE busy crew the sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd:
 Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
 Had reach'd the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging, no one dar'd attack it,
 Quite tight and trim above, below,
 Long-quarter'd shoes, check'd shirt, blue jacket,
 And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side,
 Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A streaming pennant gaily flutter'd
 From her neat made hat of straw;
 Red were her cheeks when first she utter'd,
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 While, secure from all alarms,
 Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
 They dart into each others arms.

S O N G CXVIII.

WHEN Jeffy smil'd, her lovely look
 My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,
 And bound it with so strong a chain,
 I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jolly, treat a captive true
 With gentle usage—'tis its due:
 It pants for thee alone:
 Then take it kindly to thy breast,
 And give the weary wand'rer rest,
 And keep it near thy own.

S O N G CXIX.

FATHER PAUL.

TUNE—The dusky night, &c.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
 And moral wit refine;
 The precepts taught in Roman schools,
 We friars hold divine.
 Here's a health to father Paul, here's a health to
 father Paul;
 For flowing bowls inspire the souls of jolly friars
 all.

When in the convent we're all met,
 We laugh, we joke, we sing;
 Affairs divine we soon forget,
 Since Father Paul's our king.
 Here's a health, &c.

Here absolution you'll receive,
 Ye blue ey'd Nuns so fair;
 And benediction we will give,
 So banish all your care.
 Here's a health, &c.

With beads and crosse, we hold divine,
 We pray, with fervent zeal,
 To jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Who does our joys reveal,
 Here's a health, &c.

May ev'ry Friar please his Nun,
 Each Nun her Friar please;
 Long may they all enjoy the fun
 With rapture and with ease:
 Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your glasses, sons of mirth,
 Let Friars be the toast;
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And Nuns their order boast.
 Here's a health, &c.

S O N G CXX.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

NOWS the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing and love, and laugh with me;
 Cupid is my theme of story,
 'Tis his Godships praise and glory
 How all yield unto his law.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play:
 He makes heroes quit their glory,
 He's the god most fam'd in story;
 Bending then unto his law,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity piercing hearts :
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes and fashions.
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

You may doubt these things are true ;
 But they're facts 'twixt me and you :
 Then ye men and maids be wary
 How you meet before you marry.
 Cupid's will is solely law,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

S O N G CXXI.

BRITISH ARMS TRIUMPHANT.

Or D'Eftaing's Defeat at Savannah.

HARK! from o'er the western main,
 Fame exulting spreads her wing ;
 Britons catch the welcome strain,
 And, fir'd with joy, this chorus sing :

CHORUS.

Proud the Gallic Cock was grown ;
 But that pride is now come down ;
 British valour cuts his comb,
 And drives the traitor bleeding home.

Rolling o'er the raging sea,
 Came the proud insulting foe ;
 Vowing in his wrath, that he
 Would strike a deep and deadly blow.
 Proud the Gallic, &c.

To menaces 'fore unknown,
 This was ev'ry vet'ran's cry :
 Sooner than give up the town,
 Before the walls we'll bravely die.
 Proud the Gallic, &c.

Now the balls from ramparts play ;
 A dreadful carnage soon appears :
 But lo ! the famous Count gives way,
 For low were laid his grenadiers.
 Proud the Gallic, &c.

Manfully the brave Prevost
 Gallia's boasted chief fell on ;
 Stript the laurel from his brow,
 And fix'd the branch upon his own.
 Proud the Gallic, &c.

S O N G CXXII.

YE humdrums who sigh all your lifetime away,
 Without the kind warmth of brisk Jollity's
 ray,
 With whining and pining, look thin as a rat,
 Accept the sweet balsam of Laugh and be fat.

Of excellent virtue, 'tis well known to cure
 Most ills that the body and mind do endure ;
 'Twill make you look healthful and fresh as a
 sprat,
 When once acquainted with Laugh and be fat.

The miser he frets, tho' immense is his store,
 And pines because Fortune has given no more :

He's never contented, but always wou'd scrat,
While we merry fellows to laugh and be fat, &c.

Now come ye brisk souls and assist me to draw,
And lengthen the chorus of Ha, ha, ha ;
'Tho' Fortune may frown, what care we for that,
For still we're resolved to Laugh and be fat, &c.

S O N G CXXIII.

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain ;
Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn ;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haile, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.
When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see ;
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there ;
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.
But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;

On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I,
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

S O N G CXXIV.

ANNA. A favourite Irish Song.

Sung by Miss Catley.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna :

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood-shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning :

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherds tell me whither ;
 Ah ! woes me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

SONG CXXV.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

Set by Mr Baildon.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl
 Joy exhilarates my soul;
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair, and ever young :

When full cups my cares excel,
 Sober counsel then farewell;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull Time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs :

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain ;

When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play,
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

S O N G CXXVI.

ARISTIPPUS, THE FRIEND TO MANKIND.

Sung by Mr Vernon at Vauxhall, 1780.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
Who, Aristippus like, can his passions controul;

Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
Who attentive to ease, let his passions be free.
The prince, peer, or peasant to him were the same,
For, pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came;

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life,

All the days of his life,

All the days of his life,

Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end:
He found fault with none, if none found fault with him;

If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim:

If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glass;

If love was the topic, he toasted his lass;

But still turn'd, &c.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,

He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,

That, let them be guided by Folly or Sense,

'Twou'd be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence:

He thought 'twas unfocial to be mal-content,
 If the tide went with him, with the tide too he
 went :

But still turn'd, &c.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the
 sword ;

If peace was concluded, a peace was his word :
 Disquiet to him, of body or mind,
 Was the longitude only he never could find :
 The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
 And all who fought it, had fought it in vain.
 He still turn'd, &c.

Then let us all follow Aristippus' rules,
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules ;
 Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
 By the bees of their sects be drove out of their
 hive,

Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease ;
 May they never find out the blest art how to
 please,

While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting
 our wives,

By these maxims, may live all the days of our
 lives,

All the days of our lives,

All the days of our lives,

By these maxims, may live all the days of our
 lives.

S O N G CXXVII.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

Set by Mr Dibdin.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the tree,
 Which, oh! my sweet Shakespear, was planted
 by thee;
 As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
 All shall yield to the mulberry tree;
 Bend to thee
 Bless'd mulberry;
 Matchless was he
 That planted thee,
 And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
 Who spread round your branches, whose heads
 sweep the sky;
 Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives at prices so dear:
 All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
 Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands
 that fight,
 But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.
 All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
 Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;

The garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch

Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespear we find,
He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree :
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespear is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespear outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

S O N G CXXVIII

A SCOTS CANTATA.

Set by Dr Boyce.

BLATE Johnny faintly told fair Jean his mind ;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang :
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind ;
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.
 O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live : but, oh ! I'm wae
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain :
 Ah ! should a breast sae fast as yours
 Contain a heart of stane ?

These tender notes did a' her pity move ;
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy ;
 O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her love ;
 He in return thus sung his rising joy :

Hence frae my breast contentious Care,
 Ye've tint the pow'r to pine ;
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 Spread thine arms, and give me fouth
 Of dear enchanting blifs ;
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gie heav'n with ilka kifs.

S O N G CXXIX.

I Met young Damon t'other Day ;
 And near me as he drew,
 No swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent bliss my lips he prest :
 Pray, what could Phillis do ?
 I frown'd—but only frown'd in jest ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
 A theme to me quite new ;
 Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above ;
 And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
 As still more fond he grew :
 I listen'd to his tale with joy ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

“ Let Damon now be blest,” he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew ;
 His freedom vain I strove to chide ;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd consent,
 Felt joys but known to few ;
 For now I found what Damon meant,
 And all he said was true.

S O N G CXXX.

THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The Words by G. A. Stevens.

Sung by Mr Hudson.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:)
 On each in the synod the humorist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tired of late;
 "He says, that mankind are much worse than
 "before,
 "So he begs to be cas'd of their weight."
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball.
 Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,
 To see what each climate was worth;
 Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere
 bound,
 And she variously planted the earth:

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit :
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.
 We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it
 in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

S O N G CXXXI.

Sung by Mr Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr Lampe.

THE sun like any bridegroom gay,
 Rose to salute the Spring ;
 The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,
 And birds began to sing ;
 When Damon tript it o'er the plain,
 Dear Chloe's heart to win ;
 But at the window tapt in vain,
 She would not let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great
 From glorious seats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd :

Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,
 And bade his song begin ;
 And thus he sung to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet is song, the maiden rose,
 In rural, plain attire ;
 And like the genial season glows
 With thrilling soft desire :
 But, angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, shepherd, why this din ?
 Why wake me thus? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he prest,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er ;
 And who, with honour in his breast,
 Could then have thought on more ?
 To church he led her, in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin,
 And now she hails the happy time
 When first she let him in.

S O N G CXXXII.

COLIN and PHILLIS, a Pastoral Dialogue.

Sung in The ARCADIAN NUPTIALS.

COLIN.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad
 tumults we hear!
 How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear!

With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.
I can't, for my life, what it means understand :
'There's some rural festival surely at hand ;
Not harvest, nor sheep-sheering now can take
place ; [Phyllis enters.
But Phyllis will tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad!—why surely you know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin, our Lord;
That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and
ease,
All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please;
That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;
You know what he is—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

Young Thyrst too claims all that honour can lend,
His countrymen's glory, their champion and
friend,
Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts;
And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence to the bridal, behold how they throng!
Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along:
The joyous occasion all nature inspires
With tender affections and cheerful desires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and
bride.

That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line:
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot!

S O N G CXXXIII.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Sung at Ranelagh, by Mr Hudfon.

Set by Mr Battisill.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, if she's from the plains?
 Her hand they were wont to obey:
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft' would I spy out a charm,
 Which, before, had been hid from my view!

And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips, how they grew!
 How long the sweet conteit would last!
 'Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place or of time
 I felt when my fair-one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year:
 In Winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of Art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

S O N G CXXXIV.

FLY, Care, to the winds; thus I blow thee
 away,
 I'll drown thee in wine, if thou dar'st for to stay:
 With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise;
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports
 unknown;

The sparkling liquor a new vigour supplies,
And makes the nymph kind, who before was too
wife.

Then dull sober mortals! be happy as me;
Two bottles of claret will make us agree,
Will open your eyes to see Phillis' charms,
And her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly soon to
your arms.

S O N G CXXXV.

PASTORA, A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry plains,
The gay Pastora was heard to sing,
Close by a fountain's chrystal spring
She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, wou'd you hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
Soft denials are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,
Yet never dar'd his love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate;
He sigh'd, she smil'd; he kneel'd and pray'd;

She frown'd, he rose and walk'd his way ;
 But soon returning look'd more gay,
 And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a chearful
 echo play'd.

AIR.

Pastora fled to a shady grove ;
 Damon view'd her,
 And pursu'd her,
 Cupid laugh'd and crown'd his love.
 The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see,
 That Damon ran as fast as she.

S O N G CXXXVI.

ODE TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

COME, thou rosy dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blifsful bow'rs a while,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britains rocky shore,
 Britons too thy pow'r adore ;
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day ;
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare.

Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r;
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there.
 This is thine and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away!

Only while we love, we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give.
 Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great;
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings;
 Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love, we live.

SONG CXXXVII.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
 The goodwife she drank naething but sack
 and Canary.

The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
 O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' the dubs and the larie,
 O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;

She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely.

O! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my clai's I canna weel spare;
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly.

O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a-wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head:
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.

O! gin, &c.

I never was fond of wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse:
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu'
And when she is fu' she is unco camstarie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the houte
wants;

She rants up some fool sang, like, Up your heart,
Charlie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lassies the ca's them baith b——s and j——s,
And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold cartie.

O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the found
of the horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline ;
For shame, rouse your senses, and, 'ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him, till panting he lies ;
While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chace the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous, repair ;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
attend,

No pleasure like hunting is found,
For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G CXXXIX.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains
with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew drops
behold :

The larks early mornin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's sprightly summons rebukes our de-
lay.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court :

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
'Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with dis-
grace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
 With hounds, and with horns, thro' the wood-
 lands to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

S O N G CXL.

AN ELEGIAC CANTATA,

On the Death of the late brave Captain Farmer,
 of the Quebec Frigate ; call'd

BRITANNIA WEEPING.

By MR CAWDELL.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! what dreadful tumults shake the
 angry main!
 What horrid sounds convulse the trembling air!
 The watry gods some hostile cause maintain,
 And o'er the foaming surge hurl wild despair.

To search the cause, great Neptune, see, appears,
 His trident waving—thro' the channel glides;
 The conflict sees—the thundering cannon hears,
 And, all astonish'd! views the purple tides!

Enraptur'd, see! behold the god advance,
 And views his son, great Farmer, lost in smoke;
 Then bade him on—chastise perfidious France;
 And thus his wishes Neptune loudly spoke.

AIR.

May honour and fame the brave hero adorn,
 Who, fighting like Farmer, all danger dare scorn;
 For see where he stands, dealing slaughter around;
 May his valour and zeal be with victory crown'd:
 May fortune of war in his favour decide,
 And his bark, well defended, triumphantly ride:
 May conquest and glory these offerings bring,
 The love of his country, and faith of his king!

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the god his son's immortal praise;
 Old ocean shook, and echo'd Neptune's lays:
 But still his prayers could not his darling save;
 For Death alike demands the base and brave.
 The shafts of Fate resistless seal his doom,
 And call the Hero to his peaceful home.
 He fought, he fell, the fatal die was cast;
 But fell contented—for he died the last.
 Britannia, see! emerging from the deeps,
 In plaintive strains, thus, god-like Farmer weeps:

AIR.

Britons, view yon melting sight,
 See the Hero bleeding!
 Singly see he braves the fight,
 Gushing wounds unheeding:
 Mangled limbs he views below,
 Recent gashes streaming;
 Still upon his manly brow
 Conscious valour beaming.

Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?
 Clouds of smoke ascending:
 In flames behold my Hero die,
 A glorious cause defending:

See the bleeding Briton fall,
 Thus breathes his last affection :
 My king is kind—my orphans all
 I leave to his protection.

S O N G C X L I.

From the Quaker, sung in the Character of Steady.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !

Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
 And I say unto thee, that verrily, ah !
 'Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the
 dow'r,

With his mates shall the sport have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
 each bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one :
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can
 blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are
 the same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

S O N G CXLII.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall, 1780.

POUR, pour me out the parting glafs,
 Again to thee my pretty Lafs,
 Ben thus muſt bid adieu;
 And when I am far out at ſea,
 You'll think of him who thinks on thee;
 What ſays my bonny Sue?
 And when I am far out at ſea,
 You'll think of him who thinks on thee;
 What ſays my bonny Sue?

Hark! hark! the boatſwain calls away,
 Not, not a moment can I ſtay;
 But t'other kiſs and then:
 Now welcome is the cannon's roar,
 And if I ſhould not ſee thee more,
 Think, think of honeſt Ben.
 Now welcome, &c.

If in the Bay of Biſcay O,
 Or in the Gulph of Mexico,
 My fortune I can make;
 No longer from thee will I roam,
 At Goſport will I fix my home,
 Thee to my hammock take.
 No longer, &c.

Our jolly tars will try amain,
 To beat the fleets of France and Spain,

And England's fame increase :
 If rich galloons fall in our way,
 The Don's shall strike, and fall our prey ;
 We'll make them cry for peace.
 If rich galloon's, &c.

Sound wind and limb, I take to sea,
 True heart and love I'll bring to thee ;
 We ne'er shall part again :
 No captain's wife shall finer go,
 From head to stern, from top to toe ;
 Then think of honest Ben.
 No captain's &c.

S O N G CXLIII.

BLOW HIGH BLOW LOW.

The Words and Music by Mr Dibdin.

Sung by Mr Bannister, in Thomas and Sally.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear !
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart, with thoughts of thee my dear,
 And love well stord,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea ;
 In hopes, on shore,
 To be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge, roaring from below,

Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee;
 And this shall be my song:
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew,
 The mem'ry of their former lives,
 O'er flowing canns of flip, renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
 'The burthen of my song shall be:
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

S O N G CXLIV.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

Set by Dr ARNE.

I SEEK my shepherd gone astray;
 He left our cot the other day:
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your plains?
 Oh! whither, whither must I roam,
 To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade?
 Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way
 To find her lover gone astray.

O

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain ;
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame ;
 To me the perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And when he tun'd his Syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love ?

SONG CXLV.

Set by Mr HANDEL.

OH! had I Jubal's lyre,
 Or Miriam's tuneful voice,
 To sounds like his I would aspire,
 In songs like her I would rejoice.
 My humble strains but faintly show,
 How much to heaven and thee I owe.

S O N G CXLVI.

THE HAWTHORN-BOWER.

By Mr Cunningham.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn-bower,
 With fond impatience lay ;
 He counted every anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day.
 The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
 But, ah! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,
 And swore in terms profane,
 That Beauty in her brightest pride
 Might sue to him in vain.
 When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemon made,
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came :
 Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
 In ev'ry heart's the same ;
 For young Alexis sigh'd and prest
 With such bewitching pow'r,
 I quite forgot the wishing guest
 That waited in the bow'r.

S O N G CXLVII.

A HUNTING SONG.

Set by Mr Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of Sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
The wild heath, and the mountains so high:
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply;
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
By encount'ring, &c.
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar;
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field ;
 Still let our's, &c.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods ! how great the delight !
 How our mortal sensations refine !
 How our, &c.

Where is Care, where is Fear ?
 Like the winds, in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine ;
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys :
 Lo ! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl ;
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G CXLVIII.

CORYDON.

A Pastoral, to the Memory of Wm. Shenston, Esq;

By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid ;
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain,
 In sooth he was gentle and kind !

He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.
 On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never once rifled their cell.
 Ye lambkins, who play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.
 No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail;
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the Spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.
 His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd—they envied his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

S O N G CXLIX.

From the Duenna, sung in Character of Jerome.

O The days when I was young!
 When I laugh'd in Fortune's spight,
 'Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth they say lies in a well ;
 Why I vow I ne'er could see—
 Let the water drinkers tell ;
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I Falsehood's mask :
 But still honest Truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.
 O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigor's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey :
 Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
 While the spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

S O N G C L.

I SING not of Homer's Achilles or Hector,
 Of Virgil's Æneas, or Jove and his nectar :
 But attend to my tale, and the subject you'll find
 Is a cobbler in love, and a damsel unkind,
 Derry down, &c.

Long time he liv'd happy, no troubles e'er vex'd
him,

No politics plagu'd, and no party perplex'd him:
But content in his bulk, this poor cobbler so snug,
Would sit humming all day, like a bee in a jug.

Derry down, &c.

Till at last that blind puppy, whom poets call
Cupid,

Had smit him to th' heart, and made him quite
stupid;

For the damsel would laugh when she heard him
complain,

And she treated his passion with scorn and disdain.

Derry down, &c.

His love he declar'd, and he oft went to woo her;
And as close, as if wax'd, this poor cobbler stuck
to her:

Each morning, each night, and each day after
dinner,

His suit he pursu'd, but still all would not win her.

Derry down, &c.

He often would tell her, as they sat together,
He priz'd her more than his shop full of leather:
'That his heart it was fix'd and should ever remain,
As firm as the sole of a double campaign.

Derry down, &c.

He bought her a ribbon was well worth a groat;
He cappel'd her shoes, and he took nothing for't.
He told her, if still she persisted, he never
Could bear it; but she was as cruel as ever.

Derry down, &c.

Now Love and Despair did his wits so controul,
 He would set on a heel-piece instead of a sole ;
 Till he found at the last, when his custom grew
 scant,

If he dy'd not for love, he must perish for want.
 Derry down, &c.

So he work'd up his leather, he stitch'd up his
 ends,

And, without taking leave of his foes or his friends,
 He went, in sad plight, to a pit full of water,
 And there he resolv'd to finish the matter.

Derry down, &c.

Long time there he pray'd at a pitiful rate,
 He sigh'd and he swore, and he curs'd his hard
 fate :

Then giving a spring, bad adieu to her flouts,
 So his body slipp'd in, and his soul it slipp'd out.

Derry down, &c.

The cor'ner sat o'er him, and after some thought,
 The jury their verdict in lunacy brought ;
 Right wisely concluding, since girls are so com-
 mon,

No man in his senses would die for a woman.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G C L I.

Sung by Lubin, in the QUAKER.

I Lock'd up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.

My business done and over,
 I hasten'd back again,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
 As it began to dawn ;
 I found the casket rifled,
 And all my treasure gone.

S O N G CLII.

From the Duenna, sung by Father Paul.

THIS bottle's the fun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine,
 We—planets who are not able,
 Without his help to shine.
 Let mirth and glee abound ;
 You'll soon grow bright,
 With borrowed light,
 And shine as he goes round !

S O N G CLIII.

SPRING. By J. S.

THE Winter of dullness is o'er,
 Rejecter of ev'ry gay strain,
 And Spring comes to visit once more
 The cheerless dismantled plain !
 New cloathing the groves do receive,
 Fine flowers bedeck the fresh green ;
 Kind Nature begins now to live,
 And welcomes young Spring for her queen.

Before the approach of grey dawn,
 The lark quits her nest in the vale;
 In air she sings high o'er the lawn,
 And wakes ev'ry bird in the dale.
 Now wanton the tender young lambs,
 Bound o'er the steep hills in their play,
 And bleat their soft notes round their dams,
 The valleys re-echo the lay.

The bees now search round ev'ry bow'r;
 To taste vernal sweets are inclin'd;
 If then you would chuse a sweet flow'r,
 Sure thereon a bee will you find.
 The nymphs, with their swains now retire,
 From cities, from crouds, and from throngs,
 And melt their young swains with desire,
 Whilst welcoming Spring with their songs.

Gay music the woods and groves fill;
 How charming and sweet is the noise!
 When sitting beside the pure rill,
 The thrush from the brake tunes her voice.
 Ye nymphs join with me then to sing,
 And make ev'ry valley rebound,
 The praises of sweet blooming Spring,
 Whose bounties display'd are around.

SONG CLIV.

A SOLDIERS SONG. FOR TWO VOICES.

Introduced in the SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

HOW stands the glass around?
 For shame you take no care boys,
 How stands the glass around?

Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound ;
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Shou'd we be melancholy ? boys,
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose business 'tis to die !
 What fighting, fie !
 Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain ;
 Shou'd next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

SONG CLV.

THE COURT OF VAUXHALL.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

LET Pleasure's gay queen hold her court
 where she may,
 At Almack's by night, at St James's by day;
 Yet say what men will, and when Envy says all,
 There's nothing can vie with her court at Vaux-
 hall.

The lawyers, so learned, so grave, and so wise,
 For us quit their briefs—and for us quit their
 tithes:

Retire to our gardens their minds to unbend,
 And sup with a client—or sup with a friend.

The doctor of physic, return'd from his round,
 Gives us the odd shilling, and pockets the pound:
 And lest the chill damp of the ev'ning should
 hurt,

Prescribes for his party a large dose of port.

The parson, so sleek, in his bettermost wig,
 Calls loudly for ham—tho' we pay no tithe-pig:
 And ere it strikes ten, fits him down and falls
 to't,

With beef in commendam, and chickens to boot.

The lords and the ladies, who Ranelagh fill,
 And move round and round like a horse in a mill;
 Come hither *Al Fresco* to take a cool walk—
 When tir'd of small coffee, small tea, and small
 talk.

Our music is form'd both by nature and art,
 Perch'd up on each branch the sweet birds bear
 a part ;
 And when with wild notes you have fated your
 ear—
 Walk this way, and listen to me perch'd up here.

S O N G CLVI.

MY HEART WENT TO THE FAIR.

Sung by Mrs Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

Written by Mr Barwick. Set by Mr Shield.

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd,
 One morning with the dawn,
 Young Damon, for the fair array'd,
 Came tripping o'er the lawn.
 His auburn locks, with manly grace,
 In flowing ringlets hung ;
 The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
 And blithe the shepherd sung.

Then onward drew, and, as he pass'd,
 He smiling bade, Good day :
 Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh ! at last,
 I gaz'd my heart away.
 'That moment all to love resign'd
 Each sense seem'd to declare ;
 Tho' hapless I was left behind,
 My heart went to the fair.

In vain, my anguish to remove,
 To once-lov'd scenes I fly ;

The rose-deck'd bow'r, the pine-topp'd grove,
 Seem fading to my eye.
 Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
 A maidens blushes spare ;
 Perceive, tho' she was left behind,
 Her heart went to the fair.

SONG CLVII.

THE SIMILE.

By Mr R. FERGUSON.

AT noontide. as Colin and Silvia lay
 Within a cool jessamine bow'r,
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
 Was sipping the juice of each flow'r.

Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy,
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
 Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
 Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,
 From the rose to the lily again ;
 Till, weary with tracing its motions, he chose
 To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then Colin to Silvia smilingly said,
 Amyntor has follow'd you long ;
 From him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,
 Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware, in persisting, to start from his arms,
 But with his fond wishes comply :

Come take my advice; or he's pall'd with your
charms,
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says Sylvia, Colin, thy simile's just,
But still to Amyntor I'm coy;
For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust
A swain, when he courts to destroy.

S O N G CLVIII.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

By DR ARNE.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And officers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows!
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
Some are thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;

Then, weary, homeward we return,
 And drink away the night.
 And a drinking we will go, &c.

S O N G CLIX.

FAIR Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
 Arose from the froth that swam on the sea;
 Minerva jump'd out of the cranium of Jove,
 A coy sullen slut, as most authors agree.
 Bold Bacchus, they tell us,
 The prince of good fellows,
 Was his natural son; but attend to my tale:
 All they that thus chatter
 Quite mistake the matter,
 He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham ale, Nottingham ale,
 No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale!

And when he had empty'd the cask whence he
 sprung,
 For want of more liquor low-spirited grew;
 He mounted astride, clapt his arse on the bung,
 And away to the gods and goddesses flew:
 But when he look'd down,
 And saw the fair town,
 To do him due honours not likely to fail;
 He swore on all earth,
 That the place of his birth
 Was the best, and no liquor like Nottingham ale.
 Nottingham ale, Nottingham, &c.

Ye bishops and deacons, priests, curates, and vicars,
 When once you have tasted, you'll own it is true;

That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors,
 And who understands the good creature like
 you?
 It dispels ev'ry vapour,
 Saves pen, ink, and paper :
 For when you intend in the pulpit to rail,
 It will open your throats,
 You may preach without notes,
 When inspir'd by a bumper of Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
 With powder and bolus, with potion and pill;
 Than hangman with halter, than soldier with gun;
 Than miser with famine, than lawyer with quill.
 To dispatch us the quicker,
 You forbid us malt liquor ;
 Till our bodies consume, and our faces grow pale,
 Observe you who pleases,
 What cures all diseases,
 Is a comforting dose of good Nottingham ale.
 Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye lovers, who talk of fires, flames, darts, and
 daggers,
 With Nottingham ale ply your mistresses hard;
 The girl (if she likes it) will drink till she staggers,
 And all your past service and sufferings reward:
 You may turn her and twist her,
 And do what you list, Sir ;
 Engage her but briskly, ye soon will prevail.
 Fill, fill the glass often,
 For nothing can soften
 The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham, &c.

Ye poets, who talk of the Helicon brook,
 The nectar of gods, or the juice of the vine ;
 Who say none can write well, unless they invoke
 The friendly assistance of one of the Nine :
 • This liquor surpasses
 The streams of Parnassus,
 Wine, muse, or ambrosia, on which gods regale :
 For experience will show it,
 What makes a good poet,
 Is *quantum sufficit* of Nottingham ale.
 Nottingham ale, &c.

S O N G CLX.

From the DUENNA, Sung by Don Jerome.

IF a daughter you have, she's the plague of
 your life :
 No peace you shall know, tho' you've buried your
 wife :
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her.
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !
 Sighing and whining !
 Dying and pining !
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !
 When scarce in their teens they have wit to per-
 plex us,
 With letters and lovers for ever they vex us ;
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you brought
 her ;
 Wrangling and jangling !
 Flouting and pouting !
 O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

S O N G CLXI.

From the Same, sung by CLARA.

WHEN fable Night, each drooping plant
restoring,

Wept o'er her flowers, her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could
borrow

One hour from love and care, to rest—
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me,
From those that wou'd enslave me;

Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore!

But soon I bid him thence;
For, had his fond pretence,
Obtain'd one favour then—
And he had press'd again,
—I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him
more!

S O N G CLXII.

From the QUAKER, sung by Lubin.

WITH respect, Sir, to you be it spoken,
So well do I like your advice,
He shall have it; and by the same token,
I don't much intend to be nice.

There's something so comical in it,
 I ne'er was so tickled by half;
 And was I to die the next minute,
 I verily believe I should laugh.

Affairs happen better and better,
 Your worship, but mind the old put,
 When first he looks over the letter,
 I say, what a figure he'll cut.

S O N G CLXIII.

In the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, Sir;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here is to her that's but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the last,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

S O N G CLXIV.

In the JOVIAL CREW.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me:
 I met her on the green in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;
 Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much
 to blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry
 Kate;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore I lov'd her more
 than so,
 For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and
 fro:
 Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
 blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick;

Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game, though she play'd in joke ;
 For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

SONG CLXV.

ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE.

By Mr LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
 below,

Which men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free.

All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise
 Should so rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far ; but how vast the surprise !
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzl'd his brain ;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again, in reward for his art :
 Such power had music in hell !

S O N G CLXVI.

Sung in The WAY TO KEEP HIM.

By Mr GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd, is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
 caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
 eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite gui-
 tar,
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Nor handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
 much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
 mand,
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind,
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G CLXVII.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 'To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her :
 But if your providence divine
 For greater blifs design her ;
 To obey your will at any time,
 I am ready to resign her.

S O N G CLXVIII.

In the DUENNA.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you :
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong :
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong :
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

S O N G CLXIX.

LAZY JOHNNY.

WHERE's my swain, so blithe and clever?
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?
 Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come to morrow.
 If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny:
 Love has flying wings, I well know,
 Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now adoin'!
 Is he with the lasses Maying?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature,
 But I can not, will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer:
 If you won't, another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.

If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Bless'd another lad may make ye ;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

S O N G CLXX.

In the MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

By Mr DODSLEY.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
 less.

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honest far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to
 be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks ;
 In this sort of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state ;

Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's
dry,

And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing;
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

S O N G C L X X I .

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love
to deny,

And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by;
I will own, without blushing, were all the world
by,

That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hand did
compose,

Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the
rose;

Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd;

The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd:

And the lily, for whiteness, would vie with your
breast.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny be-
ware !

But d'ye think I regard her ? Not I, I declare.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd ; how sweet was his
look !

He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids,
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

S O N G CLXXII.

MYRTILLA.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr Howard.

YE cheerful virgins, have ye seen
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jasmin bow'r ?
To rose or jasmin bow'r ?
Where does she seek the woodbine shade !
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose
 Join'd with the lily as it grows,
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Where each in sweetness vie;
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam,
 To hail the vernal beam.
 Her heart is blither than her song;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,

S O N G CLXXIII.

Set by Mr HOWARD.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee:
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
 By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
 Or where the summer's day I'd share
 With you upon yon mountain:

There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wish thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
 My heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CLXXIV.

Sung in MIDAS.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
 You, he'd not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G CLXXV.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

T HE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me ;
 Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me ?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chaste sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till Night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me :
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 •My love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG CLXXVI.

THE CONSENT.

By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

'TIS the birth-day of Phillis, hark how the
birds sing,

Their notes are remarkably sweet ;
The villagers brought all the honours of Spring,
And scatter'd their pride at her feet.
With ribbands and roses her lambkins are crown'd,
Awhile they respectfully stand,
Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound,
But first take a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the
year,

This, this is their principal day ;
It gave Phillis birth, and pray what can appear
More lovely, more pleasingly gay ?
Hark, hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene,
Ye lads with your lasses advance ;
'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green,
And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

The sun, (and he shines in his brightest array,
As if on this festival proud),
In order to give us a beautiful day,
Has banish'd each travelling cloud :
The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdes sigh'd,
Sweet Phillis ! I knew what she meant :
We stole from the pastimes, I made her my bride ;
Her sigh was the sigh of consent.

S O N G C L X X V I I .

Sung by Mr Dearle. Set by Mr Bride.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a-Maying,
A clown lay asleep, by a river so deep,
That round in meanders was straying ;
A clown lay asleep, by a river so deep,
That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with
dew,
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising,
She play'd with his eyes, 'till he wak'd in surprise,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

She sung him a song, as he leant on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder,
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to enfold her.

The rustic, grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his blessing,
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolic'd, and
play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

PRAY kifs me gently, Chloe cry'd
 For I am weak and tender !
 I will, my dear, the swain reply'd ;
 Forbearing to offend her.

Then closely shutting both his lips,
 (Regarding well his honour),
 Her rosy mouth he lightly sips,
 And fix'd his eyes upon her.

" Oh fie ! (says she) you make me blush :
 " Be quick, and have it over :
 " I would not give a single rush
 " For such a teasing lover."

At length, instructed how to please,
 (Resolving not to mind her),
 He prefs'd her closer by degrees,
 And found the damsel kinder.

S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung by Mrs Barthelemon, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr Barthelemon.

TELL me lasses, have you seen,
 Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
 Beauty's son, a little boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth, and joy ?
 If you know his shelter say,
 He's from Venus gone astray :

Tell me, lasses, have ye seen,
Such a one trip o'er the green ?

By his marks the god you'll know,
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts :
'Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
Is his piercing arrow found ;
While the bosom'd heart it pains,
No external mark remains ;
Reason's shield itself is broke,
By the unsuspected stroke.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
Basking in the sunny eye,
Or his destin'd prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks :
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleasing snare.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals
Where the god himself conceals,
Shall a kiss receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight ;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She shall taste Love's sweetest joy.
Tell me, lasses, have you seen,
Such a one trip o'er the green ?

SONG CLXXIX.

A favourite Song, for two Voices.

By Matt. Prior.

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world
to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon
reply'd;
"You may have forgot—you were drunk when
"you dy'd."

SONG CLXXX.

Sung in the English Opera of ARTAXERXES.

Set by Dr ARNE.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty prove:
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G C L X X X I.

Sung by Mrs Pinto, in The Maid of the Mill.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship wou'd I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
Ere yield my hand so coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

S O N G C L X X X I I.

A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr Yates.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And Nature is dress'd without Art:
No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :
 But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprise,
 Cry'd, all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which Envy nor Time cannot blast :
 Beware then, beware how you trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If Nature had blest her with sense.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

Sung in The CHAPLET, by Mr Vernon.

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair ;
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?
 What know we of angels ?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove ;
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar-year ;
 And not yet contented !—Have conscience, my
 dear.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so
fair;

The lass she was lovely, the swain debonnaire :
They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too ;
(For maidens a decency keep when they woo :)
At length she consented, and made him a vow ;
And Jockey he gave, for her jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their Dobbins, and rode to the
fair,

Still kissing and fondling until they came there :
They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed ;
And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all
say ;

And none were so happy, and gamesome as they :
Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind ;

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock ?
Quoth he, goose, come on ! why you now are my
bride ;

And when folk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the
old barn ;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.

S O N G CLXXXV.

Sung by Mr Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepare with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Eng-
lishman's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
good :
O the roast beef of Old England !
And O the Old English roast beef !

But since we have learnt from all conqu'ring France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up in nothing—but vain complaisance.
O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day
long,

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this
song.

O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten—and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.

O the roast beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown.

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O the roast beef, &c.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do them-
selves right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good
night.

O the roast beef of Old England!

And O the Old English roast beef!

S O N G CLXXXVII.

Sung in the FAIR QUAKER of DEAL.

HOW little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow !
 But we have hearts of steel.
 No danger can affright us ;
 No enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the Montfieurs right us :
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick flout to orders, meffmates ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink :
 Then, France, have at your firft-rates ;
 For Britons never shrink :
 We rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by fcores ;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis-d'Ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll fpend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to fea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and fmg, boys ;
 In war we'll never fly :
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

LET'S BE JOVIAL.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis has, tho' going
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board:
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

Tune—Jolly Mortals, &c.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare:
 We are all as rich as Croesus,
 Drink away, and drive off care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget ;
Come let's saddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
We're carousing o'er our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Cries, Death, begone! here's none but souls

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding
Drinking souls can never die.

S O N G CXC.

Sung by Mr Beard, in Love in a Village.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He work'd, he sung from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he :

And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me.

S O N G CXCI.

O Beffy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses ;
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-bray,
And thick'd it over wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yedreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 They gar my fancy faulter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning;
 White is her neck, fast is her hand;
 Her waist and feet's fu genty;
 With ilka grace she can command,
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like di'monds glances;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blithe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still;
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies;
 Waes me; for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G CXCII.

BEHOLD, in a lodge we dear brethren are
met,

And in proper order together are fet ;
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known ;
Our actions to none but free masons be shewn.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd ;
Let's stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd ;
And then all the glorious creation shall see,
That none are so loving, so friendly as we.

Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many magnificent pile,
E'en buildings now standing within our own isle ;
With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,
With strength to support, and the building to bind.

Derry down, &c.

Those noble grand structures will always proclaim
What honour is due to a free mason's name ;
E'en ages to come, when our work they shall see,
Will strive with each other, like us, to be free.

Derry down, &c.

What tho' some of late, by their spleen plainly
show,

They fain wou'd deride what they gladly wou'd
know ;

Let ev'ry true brother these vermin despise,
And the ancient grand secret keep back from
their eyes.

Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let's all put our hands to our heart,
 And resolve from true masonry ne'er to depart :
 And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
 Our lodge will be clos'd, and our secret shall end.
 Derry down, down, down, derry, down.

S O N G CXCIH.

The STORM, or Dangers of the Sea.

Sung by Mr DODD.

CEASE rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me,
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
 By top-sail sheets, and halyards stand,
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hands boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee-top-sail sheets, let go,
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in Beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
 Safe from all but Love's alarms :

Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthal;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Hark again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course,
 Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse,
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear,
 Hands up, each preventer, brace set,
 Man the foreyard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rains fall pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark, what means that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck;
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well; the leak increases,
 Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return:

Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now.

On the lee beam is the land boys,
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
 To the pump come ev'ry hand boys ;
 See our mizen mast is gone :
 The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rigg a jury foremast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys, ware off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
 Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking,
 To our sweet-hearts and our wives,
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest, now, who feels it,
 None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G CXCIV.

The SONG of DIANA.

Sung by Miss Poitier, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Set by Dr Boyce.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the
 day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away ;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon :

I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the
 sky,
 And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

S O N G CXC.

A SCOTCH BALLAD. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart to win,
 And woo'd as lovers woo;
 I, vers'd in all our sex's art,
 Did just as maidens do:
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at;
 And when he press'd his fate to know,
 'Twas, Pr'ythee, fool be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain,
 He made a mighty fuss;
 Why if, you know, one loves a swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does:
 He told me Passion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet;
 And pray what answer could I give,
 But, Pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

At length he made a bold essay,
 And like a man he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear, this very day
 Shall Celia be my bride:.

Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me still,
 I could not well deny it ;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the fool be quiet.

S O N G CXCVI.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mrs Hudson.

Set by Mr Hook.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain ;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains
 to flow ;
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him
 complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
 How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view !
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
 survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than
 they ;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight :—
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.
 Through changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air ;

But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see the pale moon all clouded retire ;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desire ;
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind :
Ah ! wretch, how can life be worthy thy care ?
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

SONG CXCVII.

PATTY OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill :
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the blushing rose,
Is Patty of the mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd.
With wonder struck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill ;
Each itrove, with all his rustic art,
To sooth and charm the honest heart
Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill ;

A cheerful soul, a pleasing grace,
And sweet content smiles in the face
Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill;
Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the mill.

S O N G CXCVIII.

Sung by Miss Catley and Mrs Mattocks.

IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Miss Catley.

HOPE! thou nurse of young Desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs Mattocks.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
Deal our pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G CXCIX.

A FAVOURITE RONDEAU.

Sung at Vauxhall Gardens. Set by Mr Bach.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow,
 Cease ye roaring streams to flow;
 Hush'd be ev'ry other noise,
 I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree?
 Hark! a sound—I think 'tis he!
 'Tis not he; yet night comes on,
 Where's my lovely wand'rer gone?

Loud I'll speak, to make him hear,
 'Tis I who call, my love, my dear!
 The time is come. Why this delay?
 Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.

S O N G CC.

Set by Mr Jarvis.

I SAID on the banks by the stream,
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long.
 O! learn me, ye Muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song,
 But Pan bid me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis' bloom;
 The breeze from the bean-flower bed,
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
 The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus' ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
 Its freshness with hers to compare,
 And foolishly thought, till I try'd,
 The flow'ret was equally fair.
 How, Corydon, could you mistake?
 Your fault be with Torrow confess;
 You said the white swan on the lake,
 For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis past sportive along;
 Ye poets, I covet no bays;
 She smil'd a reward for my song.
 I find the God Pan's in the right,
 No fame like the fair-ones applause,
 And Cupid will crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.



S O N G C C I.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove ;
Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
The penfive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

S O N G CCII.

OH ! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word farewell !
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G CCIII.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
Lead an innocent astray ?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ;
 And should you my truth deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

S O N G CCIV.

IN THOMAS AND SALLY.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom's return'd again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 'That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil,
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

S O N G CCV.

By Mr GAY.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises our spirits, and charms our ears,

Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
 Press her,
 Carefs her,
 With blisses,
 And kisses,
 Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

S O N G CCVI.

By Mr GAY.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may.
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not to-morrow;
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

S O N G C C V I I .

GROG IS THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

By Mr GREEN.

YE jolly true blues of the main,
 Well skilled in heaving the log,
 Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
 Who sings of your favourite grog,
 For grog is the liquor of life,
 The delight of each true British tar,
 It banishes sorrow and strife,
 And softens the hardships of war;
 It banishes sorrow and strife,
 And softens the hardships of war.

Brave Vernon, to Britons still dear,
 O! long may'st thou live, tho' incog';
 'Twas some deity whisper'd thine ear,
 And hinted the health-giving grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

His vineyards the Monsieur may boast,
 And delight in the soup of a frog,
 But too soon he shall find to his cost,
 That claret must yield to good grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
 My messmate he gives me a jog,
 To the wife or the sweetheart he loves,
 He takes off a cann of good grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

If love should as whilom descend,
Of some female mortal a gog,
His nectar he surely would mend,
By mixing his liquor with grog.
For grog is the, &c.

I heard an Hibernian declare,
By Saint Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
That while he could see with an ear,
No wine he would drink except grog.
For grog is the, &c.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
No terror we feel from a flog,
For what is a dozen a-day,
To a double allowance of grog.
For grog is the, &c.

Now war is declar'd, let's advance,
May the flincher be hang'd like a dog,
Who yields to proud Spain or vain France,
Is a stranger to freedom and grog.
For grog is the, &c.

S O N G CCVIII.

By Mr GAY.

THE modes of the court so common are
grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.

T

'Tis true, you find
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to
 defend,
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity;
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

S O N G CCIX.

The PILGRIM. From the original Italian.

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 Sworn foe to Melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see;
 With cockle-shells on hat-brim,
 Staff, beads, and scrip, in that trim,
 Besitting of a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces
 His way thro' wilds and chafes,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see;
 But when that he could find no
 House nor hut to go to,
 Was ever pilgrim put so
 To it for charity.

But now, when most dejected,
 Kind Heaven, when least expected,
 A maiden's steps directed,
 Whence come you, Sir? says she.

Full many a weary step, sweet,
 And all with these poor bare feet,
 O could I by your help, meet
 Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,
 Says she, I see your quite spent,
 Yet what I say is well meant,
 Pray lodge to night with me.
 'This favour is excessive ;
 No speeches, Sir, while I live,
 If I have aught I can give,
 'Tis given in charity.

He cy'd her charms whilst eating,
 And call'd her love and sweetening,
 And many a tender greeting,
 So kind a heart had he.
 Kind Sir, says she, you're tir'd,
 'Tis time you were retir'd,
 Nor beds nor rooms are hir'd,
 But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
 And is, I fear, too little.
 It fits me to a tittle,
 So in at once went he,
 Through many a town and city
 I've been, and O! the pity,
 Ne'er met a room so pretty,
 Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover:
 She thought it too soon over,

And will you go? said she.
 But gentle Pilgrim, should you
 Return, you know I would do
 As much as woman could do,
 To shew my charity.

S O N G CCX.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my
 Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many days been:
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the danger attending on Weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and tho' rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my Jeanny, maun plead my excuse;
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And, without thy favour, I'd better not be!
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

S O N G CCXI.

By Mr GAY.

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my doxies
 around ;
 From all sides their glances his passion confound !
 For black, brown, and fair his inconstancy burns,
 And different beauties subdue him by turns :
 Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
 Though willing to all, with but one he retires ;
 But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow,
 But think of this maxim, &c.

S O N G CCXII.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Moggy's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed :
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush ;
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ;
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair :
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh tell me at noon where they feed !
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed !

S O N G CCXIII.

THE MILK-MAID.

By Miss Catley.

COMING home with my milk the young
 'squire I met,
 Says, Polly, love, set down your pails,
 I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt,
 If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,
 I presently quitted my pails ;
 He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,
 And kifs'd me—I should not tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down :
 I begg'd to go home with my pails :
 He vow'd, to such pitch his fond passion was grown,
 He'd wed—but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
 That I little more thought of my pails,
 Till beyond all escaping, I found him possess'd
 Of my heart—but I must not tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,
 And ease me of carrying pails :
 If he don't, why, as sure as a mussel has life,
 If I'm silent, there is one will tell tales.

S O N G CCXIV.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune, beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing, and kind its caressing,
 But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the
 air perfuming,

But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day :
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in sunny
 beams,

Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting ?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair
 your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered a-
 way.

S O N G CCXV.

SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best.
 As tow'rd her cot he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before,
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;
 Talk'd much of death, shou'd she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest:
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove;
 But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn;
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

S O N G CCXVI.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
 But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd, and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johnny true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up; my bonny grey cock,
 And crow when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love
 away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

S O N G CCXVII.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Written by Capt Thomson. Set by Mr Fisher.

THE topsail shivers in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For, tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Cupid fill'd his sails :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But sailors of the British fleet
 Are lovers, and not slaves.
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'rs of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

S O N G CCXVIII.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are you sure the news is true ?
 And are you sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our goodman's awa'.

Is this a time to think of wark

When Colin's at the door !

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
 And see him come a-shore.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat ;

Gi'e little Kate her cotten-gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their stocking's white as snaw ;

It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,

Have fed this month and mair,

Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,

My bishop-fattin gown,

And then gae tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.

My Turkey-slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our goodman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air,
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet.

S O N G CCXIX.

TUNE—SHAMBUY.

YE bucks, far and near, to my sonnet give ear,
And quit the dull trouble of thinking;
The sage, long ago, that said, nothing he knew,
Poor soul, was unstudy'd in drinking.
Dull mumbling of Plato,
Or grumbling with Cato,
Dispassionate Stoics will make us;
But the men truly wise
Such pedants despise,
And attend on the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wigs, in fine coach, see the doctors approach,

And muscular mould up their faces,
Grave smell on the cane, apply finger to vein,
And count the slow pulse by grimaces!

Their fees first receive,
Their opinions then give ;

With potions and motions they'll quack us :
Their prescriptions may drain,
But we'll fill up each vein
By the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus.

By sycophant state, see the meanest made great,
Spite of plain-dealing merit endeavours,
That jilt, madam Fortune, is hoodwink'd most certain,

And scatters at random her favours.

Come, lads of true spirit,

Pay courtship to claret,

That power the greatest will make us :

Can pension, or pope,

No, nor ribband, or rope,

Lift us up like the bounties of Bacchus ?

Ye lads, when you need with the fair to succeed,

With bumpers begin your love's trial ;

It emboldens the mind, in the lady you'll find

'Twill drown all the force of denial.

Drink, drink, in your prime,

Toss a bottle to Time,

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;

Our decay we prevent,

His wounds we cement,

By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

Nem. con. let us join in the praise of good wine,
 Whilst misers 'midst millions dread dying,
 Whilst lovers are mourning, and ladies are scorning
 We're love and death equal defying.

Observe tho' the toast,
 Lest our liquor be lost,
 And Death 'midst a bottle o'ertake us ;
 To be even with him,
 Fill each glass to the brim,
 For we'll die with a bumper of Bacchus.

S O N G CCXX.

Sung in THE MAID OF THE MILL.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover ;
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look, at least, discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah! you little cunning vixen!
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here, an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G CCXXI.

Set by Mr Weldon. For four Voices.

LET ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CCXXII.

Sung in THE MAID OF THE MILL.

OH what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate!
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure;
 I could bite
 My tongue thro' spite——
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

SONG CCXXIII.

Set by Dr Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own
 land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in
 hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's
 good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
 Let us, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
 pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd
 fruit;
 But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us thus arm'd
 with our poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn-
 jaws ring ;
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
 souls,
 Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.
 Let us sing, &c.

S O N G CCXXIV.

The Words from Shakespear. Sung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields :
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider all with leaves of myrtle ;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fur-lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs :
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G CCXXV.

Set by Dr ARNE.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond eyes
 Reveal with what ardour I glow ;
 Reveal with what ardour I glow :
 Well, what if they do ? there's no harm sure, she
 cries ;
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Lord bless me ! said she, what a question is this !
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more ?
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow ;
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow.
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go.
 No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know;
 I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G CCXXVI.

THE BIRD.

Sung by Mr Raworth, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood:
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms;
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires:
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heav'n and joy divine;
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine:

I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

S O N G CCXXVII.

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care :
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat ;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way :
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where ?

S O N G CCXXVIII.

HAPPY HOURS.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Marybone Gardens.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from croud and noise ;
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with soft possessing joys :
 Happy's that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of Nature,
 When of roving Fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the scale ;

Every state of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail:
Happy man, who thus possesses
Life with some Companion dear;
Joy imparted still increases,
Griefs when told soon disappear.

S O N G CCXXIX.

Sung by Mr Dunstall, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

WELL, well, say no more;
So you told me before;
I know the full length of my tether.
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wife
Will always suffice:
Addsniggers! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not such an elf,
Thof I say't of myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G CCXXX.

Sung by Mrs Pinto, in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and virtue join'd.

The casket, where to outward show
The artist's hand is seen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.

S O N G CCXXXI.

Set by Mr Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom! ah! what can
it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
near?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace

The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;

With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
mind;

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,

There native Good-humour and Virtue reside:

Pray Heaven that Virtue thy soul may supply

With compassion for him who without thee must
die;

With compassion for him who without thee must
die.

S O N G CCXXXII.

Sung by Mrs Stephens, in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool ! the filly, filly fool,
 That trusts what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

ROUNDELAÏ.

For the Jubilee, in Honour of Shakespear.

By Mr J——

SISTERS of the tuneful strain !
 Attend your parent's jocund train,
 'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespear's bust
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,

The sons of scenic mirth decree
To celebrate this Jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band
Haste to their poet's native land,
With rites of sportive revelry,
To celebrate his Jubilee.

Come daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprite and fairy crew,
And the sister-graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic Glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

From Birnam Wood, and Bosworth's Field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's Wives forgot,
With their harmless, merry plot,

The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The revels of the braggard Knight,
Fat Knight ! and ancient Pistol he !
To celebrate our Jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
Each shepherd true, and damsel kind,
For well with ours their sports agree,
To crown the festive Jubilee.

SONG CCXXXIV.

BY the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass ;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old ;
How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away :
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of Care ! 'twas made for you ;
Sons of Care ! 'twas made for you.

S O N G CCXXXV.

HE that will not merry, merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.
 Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here :
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse.
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.
 Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here :
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year ?

S O N G CCXXXVI.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr Howard.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly
 young swain
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain;
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was
 May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile in her look and a leer in her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go;
 And now gentle shepherd, pray why would you
 know!

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason for asking you this;
 I would see you safe home (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too:
 And if you would like (now the swain he took
 heart)

Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men;

You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;
To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;
To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us
twain:

Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said;
The very next morn to be sure they were wed:
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

CHAISE MARINE, by an Officer.

MY dearest life, were you my wife,
How happy should I be;
And all my care, in peace and war,
Should be to pleasure thee;
When up and down, from town to town,
We jolly soldiers rove,
Then you, my queen, in Chaise Marine,
Should move like queen of love.

Your love I prize beyond the skies,
Beyond the spoils of war,
Would'st thou agree to follow me
In humble baggage car;
For happiness, tho' in distress,
In soldiers wives is seen,
And pride in coach has more reproach
Than love in chaise marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold;
 Nor set your heart on gain;
 Behold the great with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain:
 In house or tent I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see,
 And ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives,
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives:
 For Britain's right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy,
 Should but the fair reward our care
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part:
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war,
 Then don't think mean of Chaise Marine,
 'Tis Love's triumphant car.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up:

Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short and wears away ;
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline,
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one ;
 Will appear as short as one.

SONG CCXXXIX.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr Reynoldson, at Marybone.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn salutes the ear,
 The hunters ready, morning clear ;
 Come, the happy hours embrace,
 Join the ever-jovial chace

AIR.

See the stag, how he bounds
 O'er the neighbouring grounds,
 His speed still increas'd by his fear ;
 Hills and dales are soon past,
 See his swiftnefs so vast,
 The huntsmen he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,
 By the poets we're told,

Began first the sports of the chace ;
 Tho' so great was his fame,
 There's a slur on his name,
 As men he pursu'd in the chace.

But such tyrants the chace
 Will its pleasure disgrace,
 Yet friendship shall still be our guide ;
 With the sound of the horn
 Call forth each in the morn,
 Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,
 And we nearer pursue,
 His spirits decrease as he flies ;
 Now they've pull'd him to ground,
 And the dogs have him bound,
 Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's compleat,
 Hark! the horn sounds retreat,
 Our sports do our health still maintain;
 To the bowl next away,
 We'll with joy crown the day,
 And then be as merry again.

S O N G CCXL.

Sung by Miss Radley, in the PADLOCK.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep;
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play :

Or, would some bird that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings;
 My parents they might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold;
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
 But, spite of all, away I'd fly.

S O N G CCXLI.

WAR'S ALARMS.

Sung by Miss Walpole, in The CAMP.

Set by Mr Linley.

WHEN warsalarms entic'd my Willy from
 me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on
 me,
 I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh:
 No other could delight him;
 Ah! why did I e'er slight him?
 Coldly answ'ring his fond tale;
 Which drove him far
 Amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove;
 For, ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love:
 The hostile country over,
 I'll fly to seek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear ;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

S O N G CCXLII.

Sung in the QUAKER.

IN verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,
 That my manners are simple and plain ;
 That my words and my actions, my lips and my
 mind,

By my own good-will never are twain.

I love thee,
 Would move thee,
 Of love to be partaker.
 Relent then,
 Consent then,
 And take thy upright quaker.

Tho' vain I am not, nor of foppery possess,
 Woul'dst thou yield to be wedded to me,
 Thou should'st find, gentle damsel, a heart in
 my breast

As joyful as joyful can be.
 I love thee, &c.

S O N G CCXLIII.

In the SAME.

LET nimble dances beat the ground ;
 Let tabor, flagelet, and life
 Be heard from every corner ;
 Let the can^o go round ;
 What's the health ?—Long life
 To the donor of the dower.

S O N G CCXLIV.

Sung in the DUENNA.

WHEN a tender maid
 Is first essay'd
 By some admiring swain,
 How her blushes rise,
 If she meets his eyes,
 While he unfolds his pain ?
 If he takes her hand—she trembles quite !
 Touch her lips—and she swoons outright,
 While apit-apat, &c.
 Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
 Fewer signs of fear :
 The youth she boldly views :
 If her hand he grasp,
 Or her bosom clasp,
 No mantling blush ensues !

Then to church well pleased the lovers move,
 While her smiles her contentment prove ;
 And apit-apat, &c.
 Her heart avows her love.

S O N G CCXLV.

In the SAME.

GIVE Isaac the nymph whom no beauty can
 boast,
 But health and good-humour to make her his
 toast ;
 If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat ;
 At six feet, or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care ;
 If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing if fair :
 And, tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
 Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes—may be e'en any colour but green ;
 For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
 I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth—I own, are genteeler than black ;
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
 But I only desire—that she mayn't have a beard.

S O N G CCXLVI.

Sung in CYMON.

OH! liberty, liberty,
 Dear happy liberty!
 Nothing's like thee!
 So merry are we,
 My linnet and I,
 From prison we're free,
 Away we will fly
 To liberty, liberty,
 Dear happy liberty!
 Nothings like thee!

S O N G CCXLVII.

In the SAME.

I LAUGH and I sing,
 I am blithsome and free,
 The rogue's little sting,
 It can never reach me :
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,
 Or so blinking is he,
 He can't pierce my buff,
 Or he misses poor me.
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 He misses poor me.

O never be dull,
 By the sad willow tree,
 Of mirth be brim full,
 And run over like me.
 For with fal, la, la, la!
 And ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Run over like me.

SONG CCXLVIII.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring failor plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore;
 In hopes, &c.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunder shakes from pole to pole;
 When dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil, &c.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew;
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is their universal toast,
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore;
 May we, when toil, &c.

S O N G CCXLIX.

FAIR Venus calls ; her voice obey ;
 In Beauty's arms spend night and day :
 The joys of Love all joys excel,
 And loving is certainly living well.
 Ah ! no, not so ; all honest souls know,
 A friend and a bottle still bear the bell, &c.

Then let us get money, as bees lay up honey,
 And build in large hives, and store each cell ;
 The sight of our treasure will give us much pleasure ;
 We'll count it, and chink it, and gingle it well.
 Ah ! no, not so, &c.

If this will not fit ye, we'll govern the city ;
 There's pleasure in power no tongue can tell ;
 Tho' by crowds we are teas'd, our pride is well pleas'd ;
 And that 'twas made Lucifer happy in hell.
 Ah no ! not so, &c.

Then take off your glasses, and scorn these dull asses,
 Who wishing the kernel, still gnaw at the shell :
 What's love, power, and riches ? why, Solomon teaches,
 'Tis vanity, vanity, vanity still :
 'Tis true, he knew, he try'd them all through,
 A friend and a bottle still bear the bell, &c.

S O N G C C I .

SONS OF THE WEAR.

YE social few, with hearts ever true,
 Unshaken by gold or by fear,
 Who meet with a view ev'ry grief to subdue,
 And regale over Martin's good cheer,
 Be happy and free, each glass fill with glee;
 Success to the sons of the Wear.

With Care and his crew we've nothing to do;
 His doctrine too dry is, and queer:
 That wealth makes us blest, the miser suits best;
 'Mongst us he is out of his sphere;
 For jovial and gay, and cheerful as May
 Are always the sons of the Wear.

Should Jove, as of old, descend to behold
 Our actions with censure severe;
 Surpriz'd, he would smile—quit his godship a
 while,
 And merrily chat with us here:
 For, who could he see so happy and free,
 As we honest sons of the Wear.

Tho' minions at court of us make their sport,
 And basely our merits besinear;
 But, let 'em be told, they must eat their meat cold,
 Were't not for such low folk as we are;
 Who, scorning disguise, dare own that they prize
 Their freedom as much as their Wear.

Now France, proud and vain, her aid's lent to
Spain,

To push their mischievous career ;
They'll find, as before, with their skins batter'd
fore,

They'll pay for their frolic too dear ;
For Old England's coast to guard is the boast
Of ev'ry true son of the Wear.

Then quickly the glass the circle let pass,
With spirits elated and clear ;
Success to our trade, may its source never fade,
But ever increase with the year :
So drink it amain, and the meeting again
Of us jolly sons of the Wear.

S O N G CCLI.

Sung by Miss Radley, in the PADLOCK.

SAY, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight ?

Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy, as with me ?

S O N G CCLII.

A HINT TO THE FAIR SEX.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

LAST May-day I rambled the meadows along,
To hear the sweet linnet's and goldfinch's
song;

When, just by the close shaded jessamine grove,
I met with young Phillis, the goddess of Love:
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile,
I ask'd the dear nymph if she'd tarry a while;
O! no, she reply'd; therefore, leave me, I pray,
For here 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Dear Phillis, I cry'd, don't refuse my request,
Of all nymphs in the village, 'tis you I love best;
Then why be afraid with your Shepherd to go
To the jessamine bow'r? Still she answer'd, No,
no.

You men are deceivers, and love to ensnare,
And my mother oft told me of men to beware:
No longer persuade me, pursue your own way,
For here 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Lord bless me! cry'd I, you're of late grown a
prude,
Do you think, my dear girl, I'll attempt to be
rude?

'Tis the season for love. To the grove let's along,
Where I'll tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song;
Prithee, Damon, she cry'd, don't attempt to per-
suade,

Or by cunning beguile a poor innocent maid:

The grove may have charms, now the season is
 gay,
 But there 'tis unsafe for a maiden to stay.

Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
 I have nothing to fear, for I'll make you my bride,
 For long I've beheld you the girl to my mind;
 Then to church let us go—and my Phillis be kind.
 My tale, O ye fair! is a lesson for you,
 'Tis marriage alone that will prove the swain
 true;
 If before to the grove you're too easily won,
 The swain may be false, and the maiden undone.

S O N G CCLIII.

THE SONS OF THE TYNE.

Tune—Rural Felicity.

ATTEND to our summons, ye British elec-
 tors,
 'Tis Freedom announces your instant support;
 No longer your confidence place in protectors,
 Who pillage your rights, and of laws make a
 sport;
 Britannia demands your hearts and your hands;
 Away to assist her, the cause is divine:
 Come, see Freedom and Liberty
 Nobly exerting the sons of the Tyne.

'Twas Liberty gave us our commerce and trea-
 sure;
 She taught us to cultivate science and mirth,

To patronize learning and social pleasure,
 To lighten the heart and give jollity birth;
 Come, come, one and all, 'tis Liberty's call;
 Away with all speed to her sacred shrine:
 Come, see, &c.

With Freedom, all nations we hold in defiance;
 The glory of Britain o'er earth she has hurl'd,
 And monarchs despotic do court our alliance,
 The terror of states, and the pride of the world!
 Long, long on our isle may Liberty smile,
 And bless us with Brunswick's illustrious line:
 Come, see, &c.

Be happy, ye fair-ones, whom Nature has given
 The virtue and spirit her cause to maintain;
 Whose raiment e'er vies with the mantle of heaven,
 When Phœbus, unclouded, just starts from the
 main.
 To guard Love and Beauty we make it our duty;
 To aid their felicity ever combine:
 Come, see daughters of Liberty
 Greeting with raptures the sons of the Tyne.

S O N G CCLIV.

To the Memory of SHAKESPEAR.

By Mr GARRICK.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
 Of things more than mortal thy Shakespear
 would dream:
 The fairies by moon-light dance round the green
 bed,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
 The sweet bud of beauty no blights shall here dread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
 truth;

Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;
 For rapture of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow;
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow:
 Ever full be thy stream; like his fame may it spread,
 And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

S O N G CCLV.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

Sung by Mr Vernon. Set by Mr Topping.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd?

See! my vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest;
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try:
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit-hoop, I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;

The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe——'tis in tune, and the bins
are well fill'd,
View that heap of Champagne in the rear;
Those bottles are Burgundy—see how they're
pil'd,
Like artillery—tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic-jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

S O N G CCLVI.

Sung by Mr Dibdin, in *The Maid of the Mill*

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature,
Prove as kind again to she.
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be as fond as fond can be.

But if you meet with one that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,

Should you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
 Then agog when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her,
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

SONG CCLVII.

A favourite Two-part Song.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
 glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:
 But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose
 the cries:
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants, till with well-scented hounds sur-
 rounded, he dies.

S O N G CCLVIII.

A SAILOR'S SONG. For two Voices.

TUNE—How stands the Glass around.

By J. S.

THO' winds tremendous howl !
 Our hearts shall still be steady, boys ;
 Tho' winds tremendous howl !
 And tempests loudly growl !
 We'll have t'other bowl ;
 Drink each his absent sweetheart, boys,
 The magnet of his soul ;
 Tho' waves tofs and roll,
 We'll boldly fight and conquer, boys,
 From pole to pole.

What ! British tars complain !
 No. They're hardy as they're nam'd, boys ;
 What ! British tars complain !
 Who plow the raging main :
 Your ardour restrain ;
 The fleets combin'd, appear, my boys,
 Of France and Spain ;
 And if we're not slain,
 To England we'll triumphant, boys,
 Return again.

Loud shall our cannons roar,
 And balls fly thick as hail, my boys ;
 Loud shall our cannons roar,
 Their decks to fill with gore !

We'll beat once more
 The French and Spanish dogs, my boys,
 Then seek our native shore,
 With riches in full store,
 T' enjoy our glass, and sweethearts, boys,
 Whom we adore.

Of dangers then ne'er think ;
 Fight, fight for Britain's glory, boys ;
 Of dangers then ne'er think,
 Nor yet from conquest shrink ;
 First take, burn, and sink
 The faithless Dutch Mynheers, my boys,
 And load us with their chink.—
 Each glass fill to the brink ;
 To Britain's foes confusion, boys,
 Let's freely drink.

S O N G CCLIX.

Sung by Mrs Pinto, in Love in a Village.

TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey :
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the sun true merit shews,
 By nature warm, by nature bright ;
 With inbred flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

SONG CCLX.

The DUST-CART. A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

A Stink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
'Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, th' maid address:

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts;
You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you:
And dwells among the dust with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
Give me my heart, you stole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry croud oppress?

Ambition now my soul does fire :
 The youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart ;
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

S O N G CCLXI.

An ODE for the LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend ; I sing, in merry lay,
 The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's
 day :
 What surfeits caught, what feeding when they
 dine ;
 What sober citizens get drunk by nine :
 What fights are seen ; what rattling, fufs, and
 noise,
 Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
 Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,
 To view his Lordship pass in state along.

AIR.

(Oh ! London is a fine town, &c.)
 Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave and gay, does
 honour to the city ;
 And old and young, and rich and poor, must
 own 'tis vastly pretty.
 To see the gilded coach and fix, and man in ar-
 mour ride,
 In pomp and splendor, from Guildhall, unto the
 water-side.

And when, in barges closely pent, such plenty of
 good cheer,
 What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but
 once a-year!
 Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
 The mob dispers'd, To dinner's all the cry.
 With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
 The starv'd mechanicks seek their diff'rent halls;
 At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,
 With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

(Ghosts of ev'ry occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
 Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,
 Parsons, justices of quorum,
 All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
 Prefs to have their plates fill'd first.
 With the victuals here such work is,
 Snatching turtles, geese, and turkies,
 Hares with puddings in their bellies,
 Cheesecakes, custards, tarts, and jellies:
 Bawling, swearing.
 Cutting, tearing,
 Sweating, puffing,
 Licking, stuffing,
 Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;

Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail;
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring
 lie,
 And some with jovial songs old-Care defy.

AIR.

(Come hither, my country'squire, &c.)

Come fill the glass to the brink;
 Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives:
 Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
 Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking,
 Such guzzling here you see;
 The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,
 And all are good company.

To enjoy life while we may,
 I'll prove from the scripture, is right;
 Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,
 And lie with his doxy at night.

CHORUS.

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows;
 Mirth and good-humour turn to words and blows;
 Now rogue and cuckold thro' the hall resound,
 And wigs, and canes, and cravats strew the ground;
 Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
 And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

AIR.

(There was a jovial beggar, &c.)

Let heroes, both by land and sea,
 Their deeds in battle boast;

They only fame acquire now,
 Who eat and drink the most.
 Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go :
 Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told, of one
 An ox slew with his fist ;
 Then at a meal he eat him up ;
 Gods! what a glorious twist!
 Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
 Be this each Briton's pray'r,
 " God blefs the Court of Aldermen,
 " The Sheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
 " When a guttling they do go, do go, do go ;
 " When a guttling they do go."

S O N G CCLXII.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the
 ingenious Mr Hogarth.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad Despair and Famine alway
 dwells,

A meagre Frenchman, Madam Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;

Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd ;
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd .

AIR.

(A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.)
 Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs, and sallad !

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief.
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief :

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah ! sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder.
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?

Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel Fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread,
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls, runs out at my eyes.
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah! hard-hearted Loui!
 Why did I come to you?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
 from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hand he blest'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowden knows.)
 How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great!
 O the beef! the bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down!
 Ah Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me;
 I would the de'il had pick'd mine e'en,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
 O the beef! &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where Health and Plenty socially unite;
 Where smiling Freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains shall ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
 O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the Old English roast beef!

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
 Cry'd, 'Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.'
 O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard made him
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G CCLXIII.

Sung by Mrs Pinto, in ARTAXERXES.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forfears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

S O N G CCLXIV.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes!
Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the
drums;
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare ;
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air :
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

S O N G CCLXV.

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells,
 One, two, three, four, five, six,
 They sound so woundy great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they troll so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,
 That every day at four and ten
 Cries, come, come, come,
 Cries, come to pray'rs ;
 And the virger troops before the dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home ;
 But the ne'er a man
 Will leave his cann,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

S O N G CCLXVI.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main ;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,

And wou'd not commit a base action
For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thro' the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding :
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should we, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of Nature
In various nations we try ;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why should we, &c.

S O N G CCLXVII.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

Set the godlike youth advance,
 Breath the flutes and lead the dance ;
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

Sung by Mr Beard.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs
 know the mill,
 At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill,
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the
 beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go ;
 Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
 That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
 I'd sworn she was Venus just sprung from the flood ;
 That once, &c.

But, looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake ;
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake,
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill ;
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
 To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay :
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies :
 Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
 I can never be quiet ; but, do what I will,
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill ;
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

S O N G CCLXIX.

TIS masonry unites mankind,
 To gen'rous actions forms the soul;
 So strict in union we're conjoin'd,
 One spirit animates the whole.

CHORUS.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,
 Since, union, harmony, and love
 Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where-e'er aspiring domes arise,
 Where-ever sacred altars stand ;
 Those altars blaze up to the skies,
 Those dome's proclaim the mason's hand.
 Then let, &c.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies,
 Till mason's art its form refines ;
 So passions do our souls disguise,
 Till social virtue calms our minds.
 Then let, &c.

Let wretches at our manhood rail ;
 But those who once our judgment prove,
 Will own that we who build so well,
 With equal energy can love.
 Then let, &c.

A a

Tho' still our chief concern and care
 Be to deserve a brother's name ;
 For ever mindful of the fair,
 Their choicest favours still we claim.
 Then let, &c.

From us pale Discord long is fled,
 With all her train of mortal spite,
 Nor in our lodge dares shew her head,
 Sunk in the gloom of endless night.
 Then let, &c.

My brethren charge your glasses high
 To our grand master's noble name ;
 Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,
 And ev'ry tongue his praise proclaim,
 Then let, &c.

S O N G CCLXX.

Sung by Mr SHUTER.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was froward
 and shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply ;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast ;
 When hugg'd and haul'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd ;
 But tho' she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again.
 Then hoity, toity,
 Whisky, frisky.
 Green was her gown upon the grass :
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

S O N G CCLXXI.

By Mr GAY.

THE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
 I go, undismay'd—for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand—so take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love—dear charmer, adieu!
 Contented I die—'tis the better for you:
 Here end all disputes for the rest of our lives,
 For this way at once I please all my wives.

S O N G CCLXXII.

NOT far from town a country 'squire,
 An open hearted blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire
 To kiss the chamber-maid,
 To kiss the chamber-maid:
 One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
 He led her to the shade,
 And all beneath the mulb'ry-tree,
 He kiss'd the chamber-maid,
 He kiss'd the chamber-maid.

The parson's spouse, from window high,
 The am'rous pair survey'd,
 And softly wish'd, none can deny,
 She'd been the chamber-maid;
 When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
 Kind Sir, I'm much afraid,
 That woman there will tell your bride,
 You've kiss'd her chamber-maid.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
 That she might not upbraid,
 And instantly the lady brought,
 Where he had kiss'd her maid ;
 Then all beneath the mulb'ry-tree
 Her ladyship was laid ;
 And three times sweetly kiss'd was she,
 Just like her chamber-maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade,
 I saw your 'squire, ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your chamber-maid.
 When, cry'd the lady, where, and how ?
 I'll soon discharge the jade :
 Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,
 He kiss'd your chamber-maid.

This falsehood, cry'd her ladyship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade,
 'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,
 And not my chamber-maid :
 Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And Betty keeps her service yet,
 The pretty chamber-maid.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies :

Fill them higher, still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain:
 Sipping quenches all our fire;
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

NAN THE QUAKER.

TH' Egyptian queen let others praise;
 A charming goddess make her:
 A fairer form inspires my lays,
 In sprightly Nan the Quaker!

The swains, whene'er abroad she's seen,
 All hasten to o'ertake her:
 How glad to meet her on the green;
 Such charms has Nan the Quaker!

She once was walking to the fair,
 When Cupid did mistake her;
 He thought 'twas Venus by her air;
 But found 'twas Nan the Quaker!

I caught her once full fast asleep,
 And gently ran to wake her;

A a 3

I 'fny'd—to tell might make her weep :
What charms has Nan the Quaker!

A kiss I ask'd—a score she gave :
By Jove I'll ne'er forsake her!
But while I live, will live the slave
Of charming Nan the Quaker!

SONG CCLXXV.

Sung in the LORD of the MANOR.

WHEN the orient beam first pierces the
dawn,
And printless yet glistens the dew on the lawn,
We rise to the call of the horn and the hound,
And Nature herself seems to live in the sound.
Repeat it, quick Echo, the cry is begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down
the fun.

The chace of old Britons was ever the care,
Their sinews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war.
Like theirs, shall our vigour by exercise grow,
Till we turn our pursuit to our country's foe.
Repeat it, shrill Echo, the war is begun,
The foe is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the
fun.

With spirits thus fir'd, to sleep were a shame,
Night only approaches to alter the game.
Diana's bright crescent fair Venus shall grace,
And from a new goddess invite a new chace.
Be silent, fond Echo, the whisper's begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we want not the fun.

S O N G CCLXXVI.

SWEET LITTLE BET.

WHILST poets for bays, the patriot praise,
 Or Scotus with scandal beset,
 By your leave, connoisseurs, I'll cheat the dull
 hours,
 In singing of sweet little Bet.
 In party debate, which way e'er you prate,
 You're sure to put some on the fret;
 But who, pray, can blame me, thus to proclaim
 The merits of sweet little Bet.

As pleasant as May, or dawning of day,
 Are Cupid's stale baits to his net;
 But I'll never debase the dear creature's face,
 By using such emblems for Bet.
 What pleasure's in May? a glut, and away,
 To leave you the loss to regret;
 But joys more sincere abound all the year
 In love-lisping, sweet little Bet.

I've found a device, that will, in a trice,
 Your fancies both tickle and whet:
 Conceive, if you can, what blest the first man,
 And there you've the model of Bet.
 She's good as she's fair, *toujours debonair*;
 No pride, and yet less a coquette:
 Quite free, yet discreet; not gay, but yet neat,
 Is good-humour'd, sweet little Bet.

Oh then, mighty Jove! who, the power of love,
 Too often has felt, to forget,

Indulge this my pray'r with paternal care,
 And bless me with sweet little Bet.
 Her love, like a charm, would ever disarm
 Each poignant affliction I met ;
 And every bliss, be doubled by this,
 In sharing it equal with Bet.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

The CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IN city, town, and village, my fancy oft hath
 rov'd,
 A Phillis and a Chloe I ev'ry where have lov'd ;
 But, tired with variety, to marriage I'm inclin'd,
 Would Fortune only grant me a partner to my
 mind.

Then I'd go no more a roving,
 But, constant as the dove,
 My time I'd pass, with such a lass,
 In harmony and love.

Then I'd go no more a roving.

I care not for complexion, be she black, brown or
 fair,
 If she has but discretion, and meaning in her air ;
 Her shape I would have graceful, to pride and
 folly blind,
 To mind the one thing needful, to cultivate her
 mind.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

An animated form, where sense and sweetness
 move,
 And innocence, refining the tenderness of love ;

From scolding, and from scandal, I'd have her
tongue be free,
And always neat and clean keep herself and family.
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

I'd have a just decorum in all her actions shine,
With a temper condescending to suit herself and
mine;
Of a cheerful disposition, with humour free and
gay,
And sometimes with a song for to pass an hour
away.
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

It shall not be my study to court a heavy purse,
Altho' with that ingredient, she will not be the
worst;
Let modesty reserve be her property and choice,
Not over fond to cloy, and yet not over nice.
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

To heighten my affection, and double all my joy,
A prospect I would have of a lovely girl or boy;
And out of what I have, for'ts what I would al-
low,
I would charitable have her, and hospitable too.
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

'This granted, I would freely my liberty resign,
She should give me her heart and hand, and I
would give her mine:
A monarch on his throne then unenvy'd should be,
For home would be a paradise with such a girl
as she.
Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

PINKY-HOUSE.

BY Pinky-House oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
 And gaze o'er all her charms;
 O let me, ever fond, behold
 Those graces void of art!
 Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By Nature's hand design'd:
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
 How vain is all your art!
 How seldom it a lover brings!
 How rarely keeps a heart!
 O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease;
 That blushing modesty that warms;
 That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along,
 And feed me with thy charms;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms!

A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, so bright the eye,
 And fill the soul divine !

S O N G CCLXXIX.

CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting:
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.

S O N G CCLXXX.

ON MASONRY.

TUNE—Shakespear's Mulberry-tree.

YE sons of fair Science, impatient to learn
What's meant by a Mason, you here may
discern :

He strengthens the weak, gives light to the blind,
The naked he clothes—he's a friend to mankind.

All shall yield to Masonry :

Bend to thee, blest Masonry!

Matchless is he, who founded thee!

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

He walks on the level of honour and truth,
And spurns the trite passions of Folly and Youth;
The compass and square all his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is Brotherly Love.

All shall yield, &c.

The Temple of Knowledge he nobly doth raise,
Supported by Wisdom, and Learning its base;
When rear'd and adorn'd, Strength and Beauty
unite,

And he views the fair structure with conscious
delight.

All shall yield, &c.

With fortitude bless'd, he's a stranger to fears,
And, govern'd by Prudence, he cautiously steers,
Till Temperance shews him the port of Content,
And Justice, unask'd, gives a Sign of consent.

All shall yield, &c.

Inspir'd by his feelings, he'll bounty impart ;
 For Charity ranges at large in his heart :
 And an indigent Brother, reliev'd from his woes,
 Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.
 All shall yield, &c.

Thus a Masen I've drawn, and expos'd to your
 view,
 And Truth must acknowledge the portrait is
 true.
 Then members become : Let's be brothers and
 friends,
 There's a SECRET remaining will make you a-
 mends.
 All shall yield, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

WHAT cheer, my honest mess-mates?
 Ye're welcome all on shore.
 We've done our duty bravely,
 And ready to do more.

CHORUS.

We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,
 And we laugh at the turbulent sea,
 Our king to defend by sea and by land,
 Our laws and liberty.

Whate'er we are commanded,
 With courage we obey ;
 And when our foes are bashful,
 We beckon them to stay.
 We mount up a cliff, &c.

When we are on the top-mast,
 And spy a sail in view,
 We fire an eighteen-pounder,
 In haste to bring her too.
 No canvass we spare, but quickly come near,
 In spite of the turbulent sea ;
 For our king we'll defend, &c.

Now Monsieurs off are stealing,
 Like maggots in a nut ;
 We scorn such idle dealing,
 So down we bear full butt.
 No canvass we spare, but tip them a cheer,
 And a prize she's sure to be, &c.

On shore we want no forming,
 We're one united band :
 The word being given for storming,
 We fall to cutlafs in hand.
 We mount up a cliff, &c.

At home, our peace preserving,
 May our King happy reign ;
 A consort so deserving,
 Will well that peace maintain.
 While doing his best, O may he be blest
 With a royal progeny,
 This Isle to defend, unto the world's end,
 Our laws and liberty.

S O N G CCLXXXII.

Taken for Sake of its TUNE.

COME, my brave boys, let's away to the
downs,

See! the huntsman is gone on before with the
hounds;

Sol, well pleas'd with his last night's nap,
Now's shaking his ears in Thetis' lap.

Come, come, my boys,
Let's away to the joys

That far excel the delights of the doxies :

This is the sport

To which we resort ;

We never spare the hares nor the foxes, tol, &c.

See Diana, with her comely face,

With bow and quiver, and hunting dress :

To follow in the chace she very well doth know,

Far does excel young Cupid's bow :

Let each loving tool

Then play the fool,

Courting his lass with his sighs and his tears :

We hunt all the day,

At night sport and play ;

Till we out-live them for many long years, &c.

Hark then to Flora! see, that is good ;

Rattler he hits it now in the wood;

Drunkard he doubles it ; see where she's gone!

Yonder she skulkes it over the lawn :

Gone, gone away ;

Hark! gone away :

B b 2

That's good again ; bring them in with a rally.
 Bumper has hit ;
 Gone thro' the pit :
 Yonder she runs it over the valley, tol, lol, &c.

See how comely she leads them along ;
 Ploughman exceeds them all with his tongue :
 Hang that Tattler, hear how he rings ;
 There is Beauty winding her wings.

Chaunter away ;
 Hark ! Doxy, hey :
 That's good again ; look to Rockwood and
 Carlo !

Draw back your hounds,
 The sheep stain the grounds :
 What the devil makes these footmen to halloo, &c.

Hold there again, why ride you so fast ?
 I warrant old Lady will work her at last.
 She's almost spent, you may see by that ;
 Draw back your hounds, she surely will squat.

Make good your road ;
 Quick be your speed :
 Light from your horses, and save her from tear-
 ing.

She's up, ha, ha, ha !
 She's up, ha, ha, ha !
 Yonder she runs it, quite out of hearing, tol, &c.

Come, my brave boys, this is glorious sport ;
 'Tis full three hours since we had the start :
 Not like the dull courfers that beat in the bush,
 Who labour all day to find out a puss.

She's up, up, and up,
 She's up, up, and up

By my faith and my troth there's great pleasure
in it.

Halloo, halloo, halloo!

Halloo, halloo, halloo!

Yonder she's dead! and she's gone in a minute!

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Introduced in A FETE. New set by Dr Fisher.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye at hame,

And aw the weary warld to sleep is gane;
The waes of my heart fall in showers from my
eye,

When my goodman lies found by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for
his bride;

But saving a crown, he had naething beside,
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie went
to sea;

And the crown and the pound were baith for
me:

He had nae been gane but a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stole away,

My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father cou'd nae work, and my mither cou'd
nae spin :

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae
win ;

Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said Jeany, for their sake, O pray marry me :

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship was a
wrack,

The ship was a wrack, why did na Jeany die?
And why do I live, to say wae is me?

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did nae
speak,

She looked in my face, till my heart was like to
break ;

So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was
at sea,

And auld Robin Gray is a goodman to me.

I had na been a wife but weeks only four,
When sitting fae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I could nae think
it he,

'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and little did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die :
And, why do I live to say, Wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin,
I dare na think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

Under the GREENWOOD TREE.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Colin having much to say
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade;
 And after roving with his mate,
 Where none cou'd hear or see;
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my Breast,
 What must I for them give?
 Nor night nor day can I have rest;
 I can't without you live:
 My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
 Cou'd you and I agree;
 Oh! say, You to my wish incline,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
 The wary lass replies,
 A lad, who must not sue in vain,
 Now for my favour tries;
 He bids me name the sacred day;
 In all things we agree;
 Then why shou'd you and I now stay
 Under the greenwood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
 He knew not what to do;

Till to his suit she wou'd be kind,
 He wou'd not let her go;
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
 No longer coy was she;
 At church she seal'd the vow she made
 Under the greenwood tree.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

SPARKLING CHAMPAIGNE.

Sung by Mr Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

YE dull thinking souls, who by troubles are
 prest,
 That are strangers alike both to joy and to rest,
 Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way
 To be ever contented, good-humour'd and gay;
 No remedy's surer to drive away pain,
 Than a bumper of claret, or sparkling champ-
 paigne,
 Or sparkling champaigne;
 Than a bumper of claret, or sparkling, &c.

Ye lovers, who live by the smiles of the fair,
 Whom a frown from your mistress can drive to
 despair;
 Should she chance to prove peevish, ill-natur'd,
 or shy,
 Why, leave her alone, and ne'er flatter or sigh;
 Despise all her arts, and forget her disdain,
 In a bumper of claret, or sparkling champaigne;
 Or sparkling champaigne;
 In a bumper of claret, &c.

When the husband is jealous, or dull, or unkind,
 Let his spouse give him this, and she'll speedily find,
 His mind, 'twill enliven, his care 'twill remove,
 And awake in his bosom the transports of love;
 At a charge so inviting, what wife can refrain
 From blessings, the virtue of sparkling cham-
 paigne;
 Of sparkling Champagne;
 From blessings, the virtue, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

Sung by Mr Andrews, at Sadlers-Wells.

A WAY to the copse, to the copse lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds,
 I'll warrant he shews us some play;
 See! yonder he skulks thro' the grounds:
 Then spur your brisk coursers; smother 'em my
 bloods,
 'Tis a delicate, scent-lying morn:
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt Echo, the hounds, and the horn.

Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
 The cover no safer can find;
 So he breaks it, and scowrs amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly;
 All hazard and danger we scorn:
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;

His speed can no longer prevail,
 Nor his life, can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
 that he fled;
 See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn!
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

CELIA'S COMPLAINT. Set by Dr Arne.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain!
 How droop the sweet flowrets around!
 How pensive each nymph and each swain!
 How silent each musical sound!
 No more the soft lute, in the bow'rs,
 Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
 Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
 Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride,
 This change from his absence is seen;
 'Twas he that our music supply'd,
 When gayly we danc'd on the green:
 At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we!
 But now ev'ry feast in the year
 Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile alarms?
 No justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible arms:

Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life, and of limb;
 The country had soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where-e'er the adventurer goes,
 On land or the dangerous main,
 Kind Heav'n protect him from woes,
 And give him to Celia again.
 Oh! give him to Celia again,
 My true love in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,
 From my arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

WHEN once the gods, like us below,
 To keep it up design;
 Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,
 Which makes them more divine.
 Since drinking deifies the soul,
 Let's push about the flowing bowl;
 A flowing bowl, &c.

The glitt'ring star and ribband blue,
 That deck the courtier's breast,
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,
 Tho' by his King carest;
 Let him in pride and splendor roll;
 We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty, let patriots rave,
 And damn the courtly crew;
 Because, like them, they want to have
 The loaves and fishes too:
 I care not who divides the coal,
 So I can share a flowing bowl;
 A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Justice be,
 Sir Fletcher Speaker still;
 At home let Sandwich rule the sea,
 And North the Treasury fill:
 No place I want throughout the whole,
 But one that's near a flowing bowl;
 A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at old Nick,
 And miss is mad to wed;
 The doctor wants us to be sick;
 The undertaker dead.
 All have their wants, from pole to pole;
 I want an ever-flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

SONG CCLXXXIX.

THE INVITATION. Sung at Marybone-Gardens.

COME, ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flocks, and quit your plains;
 Friends to country, friends to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport;
 Ever welcome to our feast;
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Be it peace, or be it war,
 Both or either, I don't care;
 Prithee Colin, what have you
 Or I with peace or war to do?
 Ever welcome to our feast;
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
 Beauty's summer, Beauty's spring,
 In one varying scene, we show
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow,
 Ever welcome, &c.

Sprightly widows, come away;
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay;
 Little, gaudy, fluttering misses,
 Smiling hopes of future blisses;
 Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, music charming,
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming;
 Rage and party-malice dies;
 Peace returns, and Discord flies;
 Emblem of the joys above,
 All is rapture, all is love.
 Comus jesting, &c.

S O N G CCXC.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die:

C c

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love so true to me ;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ?
 In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day :
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast,
 With Cupids raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy to life and me ;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs, that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasures share ;
 You, who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair :
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms ;
 Those charms, so dear to me !
 Oh ! never rob them from those arms ;
 I'm lost if Peggy die !

S O N G CCXCI.

A II! why did Jockey gang away,
 And leave his love behind him,
 So far in distant climes to stray,
 When Jane could never find him;
 Where thund'ring cannons they do roar,
 And drums so loudly rattle;
 Where verdant fields are all in gore,
 By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian pow'rs my Jockey save,
 When danger's fix'd around him;
 For, oh! in arms 'tis known how brave
 His lairds have always found him.
 There's ne'er a lad in aw the town
 Can boast his equal merit;
 He'll ever fight for England's crown,
 With loyalty and spirit.

Oh! had I known the cruel war
 So long had kept my laddy,
 I'd gang with him, tho' e'er so far,
 In aw my best of pladdy;
 But, hark! I hear the fises, the drums;
 Oh! joy beyond expressing!
 My lovely soldier, see! he comes;
 I'll fly for to carefs him.

S O N G CCXCII.

GENTLE DAMON.

GENTLE Damon, cease to woo me;
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me;
 Sighs and tears can not subdue me,

Nor can change my constant heart :
 Young Philander's gen'rous passion
 Taught me first soft inclination ;
 Never shall your sly persuasion
 Make me act a treach'rous part.
 Cease, O cease then, this complaining !
 Such perfidious arts disdaining,
 Let bright Honour, once more reigning,
 To your soul its rays impart.

S O N G CCXCIII.

DAMON AND PHOEBE. By Mr Cunningham.

Sung by Mr Vernon, at Vauxhall.

WHEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd
 from the skies,
 A loud-singing lark bid the villagers rise ;
 The cowslips were lively, the primroses gay,
 And shed their best perfumes to welcome the
 May ;
 The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on
 the green,
 Did homage to Phœbe, and hail'd her their queen.
 Young Damon step'd forward, and sung in her
 praise,
 And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays ;
 May this wreath, said the fair one, dear lord of
 my vows,
 A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows.
 The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on
 the green,
 Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe, their queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are
told,
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold;
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot:
At the church, with fair Phœbe, since Damon
has been,
He's rich as a monarch; she's blest as a queen.

S O N G CCXCIV.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
'The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk, high-mettl'd, starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse, for shelter, makes,
There pants a while for breath;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,

She faints, she falls, she dies :
 The distant couriers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till Echo rends the skies.

S O N G CCXCV.

The TAYLOR and SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

A TAYLOR there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champaigne
 or claret :

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
 But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, down, &c.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
 When bless'd with a pint of three threads for his
 lining ;

Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
 With a sempstress's bodkin destroy'd his quietus.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
 His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure :
 His bills he contrives not with items to swell ;
 Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them
 to hell.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
 And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made ;
 He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
 Who e'er finish'd without first beginning a suit ?

He visits the sempstress with awkward address,
 Protests on her kindness hang his happiness ;

But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and
 wheedle,
 For she, lack-a-day, was as sharp as a needle.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
 And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom;
 Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
 The Fates shears would soon cut off his remnant
 of life.

Do you think, cry'd the sempstresses, I'll take for
 a spouse
 One whom no one esteems three skips of a louse?
 Advance in your favour whatever you can,
 A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,
 And making such speeches which scarce bear re-
 peating ;
 A woman unmarried was useless, he said ;
 Was just like a needle without any thread.

When the priest should have tack'd them toge-
 ther he cry'd,
 For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;
 Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,
 She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble;
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than
 her thimble.
 Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
 That (I know not how 'twas) he cabbag'd her
 heart.

Away, hand in hand, to the chapel they went ;
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent :
None but Death could the conjugal knot have
 unty'd ;
For cross-legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.

S O N G CCXCVI.

In the BEGGARS OPERA, by Mr GAY.

TUNE—O! Bessy Bell.

A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always wou'd be pleasing:
The pertness of the billing dove,
 Like tickling, is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do ?
If we grow fond, they shun us ;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
 But leave us when they've won us.

S O N G CCXCVII.

HOW glorious their virtue, who nobly con-
 trive
The means to keep freedom and friendship alive ;
Who, firmly united, in harmony sing ;
Whose hearts are true blue to their country and
 king :
All Albions are such, hear the trumpet of Fame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches repair to a club,
 Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub ;
 We ne'er let such fools our society join ;
 For love and good-will crown each glass of our
 wine.

CHORUS.

You ne'er hear an Albion another defame ;
 Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The rules we adhere to, are loyal and right :
 An Albion's a patriot, to speak or to fight ;
 How blest were Old England, to combat her foes,
 If all knew as much as a true Albion knows.

CHORUS.

To all social virtue we justly lay claim ;
 Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The ladies confess, with a satisfy'd air,
 That none like an Albion is form'd for the fair ;
 A whisper, a look, and some moments chit-chat,
 Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all that.

CHORUS.

Each beauty's convinc'd that sincere is our flame :
 Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Old Time our society's worth shall enrol,
 And Albions be honour'd from pole unto pole :
 Now raise up your voices, and cheerfully sing,
 Success to all Albions, and God save the king.

CHORUS.

As spotless as snow is our story in fame ;
 Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

THE JEST.

YOUNG Jenny, the blitheſt that dwelt on the
plain,

Or trip'd it each morn on the green ;
Unwounded around her ſcarce lives there a ſwain,
So winning, ſo graceful her mein :
In vain did each ſhepherd his paſſion declare,
Unmelted the ice in her breaſt ;
For, oft as they breath'd out their anguiſh, the fair
Reply'd, why, 'twas all but a jeſt.

Young Jockey, a youth that cou'd die and adore,
In language reverſe to his heart ;
Who prov'd falſe and inconstant as oft as he'd
ſwore,

So perfectly ſkill'd in his art,
With ſoft proteſtations approach'd the coy maid,
And, fighting, his paſſion profeſt ;
But ſhe, unmoved by aught that he ſaid,
Reply'd, why, 'twas all but a jeſt.

Dear Jenny, return'd he, my vows are ſincere ;
Nay, read but my flame in my eyes ;
The arrows of Cupid are ſtrangely ſevere ;
Then do not his godhead deſpiſe.
He told her beſides, at her feet he wou'd die ;
With all that his heart could ſuggeſt ;
At which the young ſhepherdeſs, mov'd, with a
ſigh,
Cries, Jockey, but do you not jeſt ?

Quite conquer'd, at laſt, ſhe can triumph no more,
But frankly yields up to the ſwain ;

Not doubting her shepherd would always adore
 The charms he had labour'd to gain :
 Severe were the arrows of Cupid, too true,
 She now felt the wound in her breast ;
 Then forth from the damsel the runaway flew,
 With a faith, I but meant it in jest.

S O N G CCXCIX.

WHY should Delia pine and languish?
 Why should grief corrode her breast?
 Why, my fair one, so much anguish?
 Why is Damon still carest?
 Leave the ingrate to his folly;
 Tear his image from your heart;
 Banish gloomy melancholy,
 And let joy its beams impart.

Damon roves, and tells each fair one,
 That for her he sighs alone :
 Thus fond maids are by him undone,
 And like you, are left to moan :
 Steel yourself against delusion ;
 Arm your breast with Virtue's shield ;
 Put the traitor to confusion,
 And your hand to Daphne's yield.

Daphne, fraught with sense and truth, is
 Honest, open, bold, sincere ;
 Reason says, that he the youth is ;
 And let Delia Reason hear.—
 Constancy's so great a blessing,
 That you should esteem the man,
 Who, a tender love possessing,
 Dares not Virtue to trepan.

[300]

S O N G C C C .

By Mr GAY.



'T WAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd ;
Wide over the rolling billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast.

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep.
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear,
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd,
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

S O N G C C C I.

HAIL! England, old England, for glory re-
 nown'd,
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendantly crown'd,
 'Tis thine, strict honour, no treaties to break;
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake;
 Then now rouse, ye brave, draw the sword, point
 the lance,
 And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons! to con-
 quest pursue:
 For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark! Truth speaks already, our heroes prevail;
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale:
 Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree:
 Success, lo! dawns on us by land and by sea:

And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission which pride would deny.
 Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see ;
 My sons, fight, she cries ; 'tis for freedom and me ;
 'Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore ;
 You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd before ;
 And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
 'The ocean is George's, and George is our king.
 Huzza, &c.

S O N G CCCII.

TUNE—Geho Dobbin.

COME, Roger, and listen to where I have
 been ;
 Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have zeen,
 Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.
 O brave London ! O sweet London !
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

Tune—John and Betty.

First, you must know,
 That we did go
 Into the zity ;
 And zaw, not far
 From Temple-bar,
 The wax-work pretty.

Tune—I made Love to Kate.

'Then they carried me
 To church built by St Paul,
 Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all :
 And up the winding stairs
 Amaz'd we did ascend ;
 So many, wounds ! I thought
 We ne'er should zee an end :
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came ;
 Had you been in my place,
 Why you'd have done the same.

Tune—Tom loves Mary passing well.
 To Guildhall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants ;
 They told me they stood always there,
 To bid the French defiance ;
 That when they heard the clock strike one,
 They would come down and greet me :
 I'cod I did not like such vun ;
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

Tune—Stick a pin there.
 And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lions, the armour, and crown to behold ;
 When the show man, at last, bid the lasses so fair
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

Tune—My fond Shepherds of late, &c.
 Back to Westminster-abbey we stray'd,
 Where are zeen all the kings, queens, and
 tombs ;

But I never saw since I was made
 Such a number of deadly high rooms :
 Then the organs play'd up too so fine ;
 What the boys sung I understood not ;
 But the people in chorus did join,
 That in heav'n I thought I was got.

Tune—The Attic Fire.

At playhouse, too, I did admire
 A man who walk'd upon the wire,
 As tho' it was the ground ;
 And then, the sails of our mill,
 When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still,
 So fast he did turn round.

Tune—Kitty Fell.

But now the time, alas ! was come,
 When I must think of going home ;
 Ah me ! unhappy clown ;
 I dreamt of what I had seen all night,
 And early by the morning light
 I left dear London town.
 Charming London ! happy London !
 Adieu, dear London town !

S O N G CCIII.

Sung in the DUENNA.

TUNE—Old Highland Laddie.

A H ! sure a pair was never seen,
 So justly form'd to meet by nature !
 The youth excelling so in mien !
 The maid in every grace of feature !

O! how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty;
O! how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit!
Thus, while you live,
May Fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit!

SONG CCCIV.

Sung in the SAME.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
Will end a contest quicker,
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good-humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

S O N G CCCV.

Sung in the MAID OF THE MILL.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
sorry?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;

For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't:

'Sflesh, here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,

And drudging like horses, from morning till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew
you,

First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I
throw you;

Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will,

They are welcome to slave for your wages who
need 'em;

Tol, lol, de rol, lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G CCCVI.

Sung in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

WHEN the head of poor Tummus was
broke,

By Roger, who play'd at the wake,

And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,

And wept for poor Tummus's sake;

When his worship gave noggins of ale,
 And the liquor was charming and stout;
 O these were the times to regale,
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings;
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,
 And the lasses in all their best things:
 With merriment all the day long!
 May the feast of our Colin prove such;
 Olzooks! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

S O N G CCCVII.

KITTY; OR, THE FEMALE PHAETON.

By Mr PRIOR.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And forely vex'd to play the faint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast ;
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why !
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G CCCVIII.

A MARTIAL SONG.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in future story !
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 That leads to martial glory !
 Charge the musquet, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France
 That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Charge the musquet, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder

On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder,
Charge the musquet, &c.

Honour for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty ;
Guard your coast, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the musquet, &c.

What if Spain, to take their parts,
Form a base alliance ;
All unite, and English hearts
May bid the world defiance.
Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
Manly and united ;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted !

S O N G CCCIX.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry month of May ;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love ;

Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go:
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

S O N G CCCX.

AS late the celestials together were met,
 Invited by Mars to partake of a whet
 Before his descent from the skies;
 Jolly Bacchus, who scarce had recover'd from
 sleep,
 Occasion'd by drinking o'er night rather deep,
 Spoke thus as he open'd his eyes.

What fracas has happen'd, good Mars let me
 know,
 Since I've been asleep, 'mongst our vot'ries be-
 low,
 That you must repair to their aid?
 I thought that Britannia had sent 'cross the water
 Such terms as could ne'er be refus'd by her
 daughter,
 And peace all the universe sway'd.

So would she, indeed, (cry'd the great god of war)
 But France has contriv'd the wish'd union to mar,
 That base and ungenerous foe;
 Who persuading the girl to reject ev'ry offer
 Minerva prevail'd on her mother to proffer,
 To punish the insult I go.

And determin'd I am, (by the love which I bear
 To war, and the goddess of beauty, I swear)
 Before my return to the skies,
 Such slaughter this treacherous people shall know,
 My generous Britons, tho' justly their foe,
 Will beg me to pity their cries.

Since this is the case, (reply'd Bacchus) I pray,
 To England repair, without farther delay,
 And at once crush the pow'r of France—
 Ganymede, fill the glasses—but, ere you depart,
 Let's all drink Success to each true British heart,
 That burns 'gainst the French to advance.

S O N G CCCXI.

CUPID DROWN'D.

YE rosy-fac'd sons of the rich purple juice,
 Attend to the carrol I now shall produce;
 What subject so noble to chaunt o'er our bowls,
 As that which we know will make happy our
 souls.

To make me in love, and appear like an ass,
 And kneel at the feet of each proud forward lass,

The goddess of Beauty had long strove in vain,
For love, while I've liquor, shall ne'er give me
pain.

At length quite enrag'd that a mortal like me
Should laugh at her power and yet remain free,
The urchin, young Cupid she bade quickly fly,
And never return till he made me comply.

The youth left Olympus, to old England he came,
Discover'd my haunts, chose a dart, took his aim;
But ere he had time to pursue his design,
I plung'd him headlong in a hoghead of wine.

And now there's an end of that troublesome boy,
The pleasures of wine we may freely enjoy;
Let Sol round the globe roll as fast as he will,
The bottle and glasses shall keep up with him still.

S O N G CCCXII.

Sung at MARYBONE.

WELL, if I continue but in the same mind,
I never shall wed, I protest,
There's something so shocking in all the male
kind,
That bad my thoughts pictur'd the best.

The nymphs would persuade, and talk till they
vex,
Love's lure to catch youth in the prime;
Why if one must like the opposite sex,
I think seventeen the right time.

They tell it as strange, I should be so annoy'd
 At men who were meant for our good ;
 But what's in one's nature we cannot avoid,
 I'd be in the mode if I cou'd.

The shepherds all wonder that from them I fly,
 If seen o'er the plain as I go :
 Why still let them wonder at distance, say I,
 The men should be always kept so.

Young Colin declares my aversion's a joke,
 And thinks in my heart to succeed ;
 For woman, he says, never thought as she spoke :
 He's mighty obliging, indeed !

He caught me just now, and it came in his head,
 To kiss me, but from him I tore ;
 Yet really believe, had he done as he said,
 He could not have frighten'd me more.

I hope that such freedoms he'll ne'er again use,
 My fix'd resolution to try ;
 For oh ! I am certain I shall not refuse——
 I mean, that I shall not comply.

S O N G CCCXIII.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr Vernon.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge, is wel-
 come to roam ;
 He may seek a new climate who is wretched at
 home ;

E c

Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
 May quit poor old England when ever he will :
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me ;
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
 right I'm free ;

Whatever I wish for, now comes at my call ;
 I can sport in the field, or can roar in my hall :
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high ;
 I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
 I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the
 dead,

With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
 Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
 You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's
 my toast.

S O N G CCCXIV.

THE MONSTROUS GOOD SONG.

Sung by Mrs Wrighten.

BESTOW your attention on this little song,
 If its not very good, it is not very long ;
 I flatter myself no person here grudges
 To give an opinion ; you're monstrous good
 judges.

The sage politician still low'rs on the times,
 On ruin and beggary ringing the chimes ;

The free-hearted fellow old Quidnunc despise,
Who revel like princes, they're monstrously wise.

The ladies, good creatures, mean all for the best,
Why, if the French come, they shall find us well
drest,

Encamp'd so like soldiers, hair powder'd and
fuzzl'd,

To decide which was which, they'd be monstrously
puzzl'd.

Let no sour grey beard deride their intention;
Any lady among them cou'd vanquish a French
man:

Sou'd the Monsieurs invade, what with women
and men,

They'd be monstrously glad to get safe back a-
gain.

Some disciplinarians, who service have known,
'Think Britons have spirit enough of their own,
They see, with concern, our fair ladies roam,
And think they'd be monstrously better at home.
Each night hither flock then, let pleasure invite,
Here Venus, Apollo, and Bacchus delight;
If I but enjoy the gay smiles of this throng,
I shall think this of mine is a monstrous good song.

SONG CCCXV.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen
too,

Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go ;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase ;
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
 The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the common full speed ;
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
 The poet, too, often lays low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down.
 Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

S O N G CCCXVI.

The SONS OF NEPTUNE.

WHAT cheer, brother tars! our toils are
 all o'er,
 The high foaming billows disturb us no more ;
 Rude Boreas now ruffles the ocean in vain,
 We are clear of the danger attending the main.
 Now each honest heart take his bottle and lass,
 For life is a moment that quickly will pass.

Since life's but a moment, how senseless are they
 Who loiter and trifle that short space away?
 We will, my brave boys, our time nobly employ,
 For in women and wine are the charms that ne'er
 cloy:
 Our hours, then, in freedom and pleasure we'll
 pass,
 And our care will be lost betwixt love and our glass.

Can the politic statesmen, tho' ever so great,
 Be free from the cares and the turmoils of state?
 Or can they, like seamen, enjoy while they live,
 The pleasures that honour and honesty give?
 'Tis out of their sphere, conscience will interlope,
 But liquor and love are our anchor and hope.

S O N G CCCXVII.

WILLY: A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Willy won my heart,
 A blither swain you could na see,
 All beauty without art.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willy says he'll marry me,
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,
 Pull'd you the rose or lily,

Or came you by yon meadow green,
 Or saw you my sweet Willy.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
 And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's, &c.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

Sung in MOTHER SHIPTON.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bade me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

S O N G CCCXIX.

DELIA'S PROMISE.

THE happy moments now are near
 When Delia promis'd to be here;
 Calm stillness rules, no zephyrs move,
 The hour is soft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's music, 'tis her voice.
 'Tis Delia sings—ye birds rejoice:

Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest Delia sings of love.

Come, let the soft enchanting scene,
These many walks for ever green;
Let this light-excluding grove
Incline my fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r;
O come then, this is Hymen's hour:
If Delia does my claim approve,
'Tis the hour for joy and love.

S O N G CCCXX.

By SOAME JENNYNS, Esq;

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for Heav'n's sake let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love of you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,

To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since, 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

S O N G CCCXXI.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

IN a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
Half a mile from the church, and just two
from a town,
Diversions and business I vary for ease,
But your fine folks at London may do as they
please.

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote;
But, because I will never be wrong, if I know't,
I'll adhere to no one, till each party agrees;
But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty, and upwards, I never knew pain,
My Goody's as ancient, yet does not complain;
From the flocks of my own I wear coats of warm
frize;
But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
 Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife;
 To the poor have lent money, but never took
 fees,
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,
 Yet honour my king, and will stand by the state,
 By the church, and dear freedom, in all its de-
 grees;
 But your fine folks at London may do as they
 please.

S O N G CCCXXII.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore;
 Their wealth and glory are bereft,
 And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
 For when Jove calls, we must obey.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

Sung at RANELAGH.

ONE Midsummer morning, when nature
 look'd gay,
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play;
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from a-
 bove,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love:
 My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill,
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you
 will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
 doubt;
 A woman, alas! would be nothing without.
 I went to'ard the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say;
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
 Bless my stars! now I cry'd, huff 'em rarely I
 will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
 The work was all left to the care of his son;

Now tho' I can scold well as any one can,
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the
young man.

I said, I'm surpris'd you can use me so ill ;
Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I
will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not
mine,

No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,
There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare:
But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
bill!

Now I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

My corn being done, I to'ard home bent my
way ;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed;
And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
So that since that I've lik'd him, and like him I
I will.

I often say, Mother, the miller I'll huff ;
She laughs, and cries, Go girl, aye, plague him
enough ;

And scarce a day passes, but, by her desire,
I steal a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil ;
And I'll answer, Oh yes, with a hearty good
will.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

Sung in Cymon.

IF she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
 Tho' great and important his trust is ;
 His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
 Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows
 weak,
 For love thro' his veins will be creeping ;
 And his worship, when near to a round dimpl'd
 cheek,
 Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

S O N G CCCXXV.

Sung in the REGISTER-OFFICE.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a
 bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath
 smitten.
 For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lilly-white hand is, your lilly-white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail ; from your head to your
 tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, your strait as a wand is.
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil :

Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville,
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a
 goddeſs,
 So nimbly, ſo friſky ; ſo nimbly, ſo friſky ;
 A kiſs on your cheek ('tis ſo ſoft and ſo ſleek)
 Would warm me like whiſky, would warm me
 like whinky.

I grunt and I pine, and ſob like a ſwine,
 Becauſe you're ſo cruel, becauſe you're ſo cruel ;
 No reſt can I take ; and, aſleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over ; nor Dermot, your lover
 So cruelly handle, ſo cruelly handle !
 Or Dermot muſt die, like a pig in a ſtye,
 Or ſnuff of a candle, or ſnuff of a candle.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

FAIRY SONG.

LITTLE fairy, ſuccour lend,
 You e'er now have been a friend ;
 When you're ſipping like a bee,
 Think, I pray you, think of me ;
 You, for aid, I call upon,
 Spouſe of Mab, ſweet Oberon !

Hear me call, and cure love's ſmart,
 Sooth the torment of my heart ;
 Cool my boſom's am'rous fire,
 Or extinguiſh all deſire :
 Peace and joy with Damon's gone ;
 Come then, gentle Oberon !

F f

So, may acorns, full of dew,
 Every night be set for you;
 So, may glow-worm lift its head,
 To light where-e'er you wish to tread;
 By your art, were Damon won,
 What your praise, sweet Oberon!

S O N G CCCXXVII.

VARIETY.

ASK you, who is singing here,
 Who so blithe can thus appear?
 I'm the child of joy and glee,
 And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
 Swift I change from place to place,
 Ever wand'ring, ever free,
 Such am I, Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,
 Here and there, and ev'ry where;
 I sip my pleasures like the bee,
 Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
 Roving love but breaks my rest,
 One good heart's enough for me,
 Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded scenes, and lonely grove,
 All by turns I can approve:
 Follow, follow, follow me,
 Friend of life, Variety.

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

YOUNG COLIN.

TO court me, young Colin came many a mile,
 And oft by my side he has sat ;
 His meaning I often requested to know,
 And wonder'd what he wou'd at :
 To gain me he said many pretty soft things,
 Describing the height of his passion ;
 When often I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,
 'Tho', faith, 'twas against inclination.

I could not help laughing sometimes I declare ;
 He swore he lov'd beyond measure ;
 He'd kiss me, and sighing, he'd kiss me again,
 And said I was his whole pleasure :
 When I bid him forbear, my heart it said no,
 'Twas not in my pow'r to deny ;
 And when he requested if I'd be his wife,
 That moment I thought I shou'd die.

The girl that says no, never meant it as so,
 Tho' seemingly prudish or shy ;
 She may say what she will, but cannot disown,
 That No the word Yes does imply :
 Oft times, as he walk'd, he wou'd tell a love tale,
 And vow, that for me he shou'd die ;
 But rather than such a mischance shou'd e'er hap,
 I thought I'd much better comply.

My heart all the time how it play'd pit-a-pat !
 The minute he urg'd his request ;
 And if to be teaz'd, I thought any more,
 It wou'd, to the purpose, be best :

To the church in the village next morning we
went,

All nonsense being over and done,
The priest at the altar united our hands,
And Colin and I were made one.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

HE'LL STEAL YOUR TENDER HEARTS AWAY.

Sung by Mrs Warrel.

BY mossy brook and flow'ry plain,
I fondly seek my shepherd swain;
Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen
The gentle Damon on the green;
Avoid the danger while you may,
He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Perfession smiles whene'er he speaks,
And rosy dimples deck his cheeks,
Blooming as Health, as Hebe fair,
The graces twine his auburn hair,
Loves in his sunny eye beams play,
That stole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,
Last night beneath the hawthorn-tree;
Fbewitching are his tales of love;
Propitious may they ever prove;
For Damon, gentle, kind, and gay,
Has stole my tender heart away.

S O N G CCCXXX.

DEAR DELIA.

By Mr Hawkins. Set by Mr J. Shield.

LET poets praise the pasture mead,
 The moss-clad hill, the dale,
 The shepherd piping on the reed,
 The maid with milking pail;
 The lark, who soars on pinions high,
 With melodious note;
 The sheep, the herd, the butterfly,
 The frisky fawn, the goat.

The bubbling brook, the grot, the grove,
 The blooming flow'rs so gay,
 The wood, the brake, the sweet alcove,
 Or smiling dawn of day;
 While I a loftier theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more,
 But praise, in fond and faithful verse,
 Dear Delia I adore.

Her skin is like the lily white,
 Her cheeks red roses are;
 Her eyes outshine the sun-beams light,
 Her shape most debonair:
 Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
 In ringlets flow her hair;
 She looks, she is the queen of love,
 And fairest of the fair.

Her breath like spicy odours sweet
 Which scent the eastern clime;

Her mind, her ways are all complete,
 And source of all sublime.
 'To dwell with her thro' life's short space.
 And view her heavenly charms,
 Are all the joys I wish to trace,
 Then die within her arms.

S O N G CCCXXXI.

DO, IF YOU DARE.

Sung by Mr Kear. Set by Mr Dibdin.

BENEATH yonder hawthorn that blooms in
 the shade,
 All lovely as Venus, I met a fair maid;
 Her name was Celinda, and words are too faint,
 Her sweetness, her ease, or her beauty to paint;
 I attempted to ravish a kiss from the fair,
 But, enrag'd, she repuls'd me with, Do, if you
 dare!

This repulse did but add to the joys, that before,
 From each smile, from each dimple, had fir'd me
 o'er;

Transported with passion, I kneel'd, sigh'd and
 pray'd,

And swore I should die if my bliss was delay'd:
 But pray'rs nor entreaties could move, for the fair,
 When I offer'd a freedom, cry'd, Do, if you dare!

I now chang'd my tone, said that wedlock should
 prove

How sincere were my vows, and constant my love:

That the parson our hands and our hearts shall
 unite,
 And Hymen the labour of Cupid requite;
 She, blushing, look'd down with delight in her
 air,
 And, in faulting confusion, cry'd, Do, if you
 dare!

At her word then I took her, with rapture to prove,
 That we dar'd to be constant, if guided by love;
 Her scruples are banish'd, my mind is at ease,
 And I need but request it, to kiss when I please;
 For often I've heard her with pleasure declare,
 That she'd ne'er be averse, nor cry, Do, if you
 dare!

S O N G CCCXXXII.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor with rancour, never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

Sung in the PADLOCK.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
 While you the means of life deny :
 Give me your smiles, your wishes give
 To him who must without you die.

Shrunk from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
 Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue ;
 Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
 Or me exist, depriv'd of you.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

TWO STRINGS TO ONE'S BOW.

Sung by Miss Thornton.

THO' by Colin I now am forsaken,
 No willow my temples shall bind ;
 Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
 Another I hope will prove kind :
 Young Colin wou'd leave me in sorrow,
 Yet this I wou'd have him to know,
 From him this good maxim I borrow,
 'Tis best t' have two strings to one's bow.

I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
 ' When Love from their beams smil'd on me ;
 I own he was once all my treasure ;
 But I'll be as fickle as he :

Young Damon can cure all my sorrow;
 And this I wou'd have you to know,
 From the men this good maxim I borrow;
 They've always two strings to their bow.

Learn ladies to scorn the false rovers,
 Who shun you, because you are true;
 Prove constant and kind to your lovers,
 Only while they prove constant to you:
 For a false one 'tis folly to languish;
 Then, attend to my counsel, and know,
 To avoid all such pining and anguish,
 I make sure of two strings to my bow.

SONG CCCXXXV.

BLITHE SANDY.

By Mr Hawkins.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain
 That ever pip'd on Tay;
 He tends his sheep on verdant plain,
 And cheers me all the day:
 For, oh! he is so blithe a lad,
 A blither canna be,
 Whene'er he's nigh, my heart is glad,
 For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,
 Beneath a fragrant shade,
 The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
 And on his bagpipes play'd:
 For, oh! he is so blithe, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
 And his own Moggy too;
 He vows by all that's good and fair,
 To me he will prove true :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe, &c.

'Then I will prize my loving swain,
 And yield to be his wife ;
 'Then bid adieu to care and pain,
 And so be blest for life :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe, &c.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

THE CAUTION.

FAIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
 So eager he for billing ;
 When lo ! the nymph the swain forfook,
 To show her pow'r of killing :
 The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,
 And cry'd, Coquette remember,
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Young Johnny soon met Philomel,
 Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny ;
 She sooth'd the love-sick swain so well,
 Proude Kate's forgot by Johnny.
 Coquettes take warning, change your tune,
 This woeful truth remember,
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Alas! poor Kate, with scythe so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her,
 And now, her charms begin to warp,
 She's in a piteous pucker.
 Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,
 This woeful truth remember,
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

THE FEMALE HUNTER.

Sung by Miss Thornton.

A Sweet-scented beau and a simp'ring young
 cit,

An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,
 Set out on the chace, in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art,
 And rous'd by the hounds, to meet the sweet
 morn,

Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, she follow'd the echo-
 ing horn;

The echoing horn, the echoing horn, the echo-
 ing horn,

Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
 The lawyer with quibble, set out on the chace;
 The cit with exactness made up his account,
 The rake told his conquests how vast the amount;
 She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the
 morn,

Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain;
 Mark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the
 plain;
 He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau,
 And won the fair nymph, with hollo, hillio;
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the
 morn,
 Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Sung at Vauxhall.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
 In your choice of a husband, girls, be not
 too nice;
 What with manning our ships and protecting our
 shore,
 You cannot have lovers, as once, by the score:
 If you wish to be married, your pride must come
 down;
 What a smile can procure, do not loose by a
 frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
 When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
 They were pleas'd with my sing-song; I laugh'd
 at them all,
 For one was too short, and another too tall,
 Or too plump or too slender, too young or too
 old,
 And this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, and who Hymen implore,

Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
 Resemble the willow, be gentle and bend;
 Take pains for a lover, as you wou'd for a friend;
 Look once at his person, but twice at his mind;
 Take him soon at his word, tho' you blush, yet
 be kind.

Expect not a crowd of admirers to see,
 Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should
 be;

The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot,
 That a man that's worth having is hard to be got;
 Chuse quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives;
 You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be
 wives.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

MY bonny sailor's won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea;
 I hope the summer's western breeze
 Will bring him safely back to me:
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone,
 What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils
 From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
 When Fancy brought the foe in view;
 And day and night I've had no rest,
 Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:

G g

Bring, gentle gales, my sailer home ;
 His ship at anchor may I see ;
 Three years are sure enough to roam ;
 Too long for one that loves like me.

His face, by sultry climes, is wan,
 His eyes, by watching, shine less bright ;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him, when in sight :
 His honest heart is what I prize ;
 No weather can make that look old ;
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly sailer bold.

S O N G CCCXL.

POOR TOM!

Sung by Mr Bannister, in the WATERMAN.

THEN farewell, my trim built wherry !
 Oars and coat, and badge, farewell !
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry
 Shall your 'Thomas take a spell ;
 Then farewell, my trim built, &c.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I go ;
 Where, expos'd to every danger,
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
 With the news my mess-mates come ;
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh, may cry, Poor Tom !

S O N G CCCXLI.

SANDY OE'R THE LEE.

Sung by Mrs Wrihten at Vauxhall.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the
Lee;

I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the Lee;
I winna ha'e the dominie, for geud he canna be;
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er
the Lee,

For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me;
He's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his Godly
looks;

Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks
I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I
the miller;

But I will have my Sandy lad, without a penny
filler;

For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, &c.

I will not have the foldier lad, for he gangs to
the war;

I will not have the sailer lad, because he smells
of tar;

I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their
mickle gear;

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er
the meir:

For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, &c.

S O N G CCCXLII.

THE ECHOING SHADES OF VAUXHALL.

Sung by Mrs Wrighten.

NOW Flora resumes her gay reign,
 The meadows to pastime invite;
 The wood-nymphs all joyful are seen;
 New verdure cheers sweetly the sight:
 Quit the dust and the noise of the town,
 Leave the play-house, the op'ra, and ball;
 May's goddesses your pleasures shall crown,
 In the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

Be song, love, and wine your desire,
 Each sep'rate enjoyment you'll find;
 Sweet songs shall new rapture inspire,
 And the nymphs will be prudently kind:
 In the catch merry Momus shall laugh,
 Blithe Bacchus attends on your call,
 While your mistress in nectar you quaff,
 In the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

For life's but a jest and a span,
 As the poets and moralists sing,
 So enjoy it, ye youths, while ye can;
 Remember old Time's on the wing:
 Then haste to this pastoral scene,
 Where Harmony charms with her call,
 While Pleasure presides as the queen
 O'er the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

ON yonder stile,
 Let's sit a while,
 To hear the nightingale ;
 The lazy moon
 Will get up soon,
 And silver o'er the dale.

The pangs I feel,
 I can't conceal ;
 The tender tale
 I must reveal ;
 On yonder stile, &c.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

NEW NAVAL SONG AND CHORUS.

SINCE discord still rages, we'll plow the salt
 main,
 And brave all the navies of France and of Spain ;
 May summer its trophies like winter display,
 May we chace, like bold Rodney, by night and
 by day.

CHORUS.

From sea to sea, from east to west, boys, follow
 France and Spain,
 Nor let them have a moments rest, till all is peace
 again :
 Pursue your stroke, they sink ! they fly ! the
 bloody flag display ;
 'Tis ours to conquer or to die ; they strike, my
 boys, huzza !

As the Lion of Britain is rouz'd from his trance,
 Take care Dons of Spain, and ye Monfieurs of
 France ;
 From the north to the south let your thunders
 be hurl'd,
 And vengeance shall punish the foes of the world.
 From sea to sea, &c.

We'll give the rash Spaniard, I warrant, his due :
 They must pay all our costs with the wealth of
 Peru ;
 Ship to ship, hand to hand, boys, let's stick to
 their stuff,
 Nor give up the fight, till they cry, they've enough.
 From sea to sea, &c.

When Bourbon submits, and implores us to peace,
 Then hate and hostility quickly may cease ;
 An Englishman spares when the enemy's down :
 When the flag is once struck, shall our mercy be
 shown.
 From sea to sea, &c.

Till then, bloody war must continue to rage,
 Our ships, spite of darkness and storms, shall en-
 gage ;
 We can never shake hands with France or with
 Spain,
 'Till Britain's acknowleg'd the lord of the main.
 From sea to sea, &c.

S O N G CCCXLV.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM!

By G. A. Stevens.

TUNE—MOGGY LAUDER.

NOW we're free from college rules,
 From common-place-book reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season;
 Never more we'll have defin'd,
 If matter thinks, or thinks not;
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'ly to trace,
 The mind or soul abstracted;
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected;
 Better souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words, and rare too;
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too:
 A plenum in our wine we show,
 With plus and plus behind, Sir,
 And when our cath is minus, low,
 A vacuum soon we find, Sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dane 'Tycho's error proving,
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—
 The earth round Sol is moving :
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;
 With earth and sun we make no fuss,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd
 By superstitious fury ;
 Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury :
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;
 For, when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, Sir ;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,
 We will but study two, Sir :
White and *red* our glasses boast,
 Reflection and refraction ;
 After him we name our toast,—
 “ The Centre of Attraction.”

On that thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum super stratum* ;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis nature's postulatam :
 Wine in nature's next to love ;
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 First tho'—physically prove,
 That *Nunc, nunc est Bibendum!*

S O N G CCCXLVI.

THE KING'S HEAD TAVERN.

YE bucks of true taste, who delight in choice
 wine,
 To the King's Head repair, for your guide be
 that sign,
 Where each entertainment politeness affords,
 Nice eating, good liquor, good looks, and good
 words :
 Our host and kind hostess gay welcome each guest ;
 Thro' the north not their marrow, by all is con-
 fess ;
 Happy pair ! for their healths thus we jollily say,
 When we charge for the king, may his head
 bear the sway.

Come, Bacchus, a bumper, bring Humour, thy
 friend ;
 Come Harmony social, in chorus attend ;
 Regardless of party, of care, and of pain,
 We'll drink ourselves mellow and sober again :
 Time calls, says the watchman ; pho ! mind not
 the hour ;
 We have pow'r to drink, so we'll drink to our
 pow'r ;
 Each glass shall a toast crown, and now we will
 say,
 Let's charge for the king, may, &c.

See, some folks for glory thro' foreign lands
 roam ;
 Contented we'll sit here, good neighbours at
 home ;

As to this or that island, or that or this coast,
Or what France has got now, or what Spain has
lost;

On the man who's best meant, our best wishes at-
tend,

As subjects, as countrymen, Britons, and friends;
As subjects, as Britons, as friends we will say,
When we charge for the king, &c.

In vino est veritas, that's our design,
Since in wine there is truth, we'll be true to our
wine;

The man who refuses, in order, his glass,
His colours wou'd fly from, and fall from his lass:
My toast then, companions, pray bumper about,
With our foes or our friends may we never give
out,

But stand firm to all—Amen, let's all say;
Then charge for the king, may his head bear the
sway.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

Set by MR HUDSON.

WAKE! gentle Sylvia, wake and see,
The beauteous dawn of day;
Shake Morpheus off, and come with me,
To hail the first of May.

Behold the crimson blushing morn,
Now clad in bright array;
And Phœbus' golden beams adorn,
The lovely first of May.

Come then my Sylvia, come and see,
 No longer make delay ;
 Come view the sweet felicity,
 That crowns the first of May.

Should'st thou appear, fair excellence,
 And crouds but thee survey ;
 Charm'd with thy beaming innocence,
 Forget the first of May.

And will no longer garlands wear,
 In honour of the day ;
 But hail thee mistress of the year !
 And crown thee queen of May.

To thee their offspring they will bring,
 To thee their homage pay ;
 And when appears each annual spring,
 Announce thee queen of May.

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
 spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did
 sing ;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweet-
 ly thus sung she :
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O ! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea !
 And cruel was the ship which bore my love from
 me !

Yet I do love his parents, altho' they've ruined
me,
And I love my love, &c.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me
to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy
should I be!
For I love my love, &c.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll weave the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns
from sea;
For I love my love, &c.

O! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast:
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should
be;
For I love my love, &c.

O! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I
my love might spy;
But, ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er
shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

HUNTING THE HARE.

SONGS on shepherds, in rustical roundelays,
 Formed on fancy, and whistled on reeds,
 Sung to solace young nymphs upon hollidays,
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds:
 Gottish Silenus, to Phebus, the genius,
 Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare;
 In phrase nicely coin'd, and verse quite refin'd,
 How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars, quite tir'd with pastimes olympical,
 Stars and planets, that beautiful shone,
 Could no longer endure, that men only shall
 Swim in pleasures, and they but look on;
 Round about horned Lucina they swarm'd,
 And her informed how minded they were;
 Each god and goddess, to take human bodies,
 As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
 While pale Proserpine sat in her place,
 To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chase,
 By her example, their father to trample,
 The earth, old and ample, they soon leave the air;
 Neptune the water, and Wine liber pater,
 And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god, Cupid, was mounted on Pegasus,
 Borrow'd of the Muses, with kisses and pray'rs;
 Stern Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus;
 Mounted a centaur, that proudly him bears;

Position of the sky, nimble heel'd Mercury,
 Made his courser fly as swift as the air;
 While tuneful Apollo the chase did follow,
 And whoop'd and hollow'd, boys, after the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus, from his metamorphosis,
 Rouz'd by Echo, new manhood did take;
 Snoring Somnus upstart'd from Cimmeries,
 Before, for a thousand years he did not awake;
 There was club-footed Mulciber, booted,
 And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;
 Eolus flouted, and Momus shouted,
 And Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Aistrea,
 The Jest took hold of Latona the cold,
 Ceres with bright Cytherea,
 Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,
 Shame-fac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
 And Maya with Flora did company bear;
 But Juno was stat'd too high to be mated,
 Altho' she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector,
 The Troy born boy presents on his knee;
 Jove to Phebus carouses in nectar,
 And Phebus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
 Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare,
 Till the house of Jove, like the spheres, did move:
 I health to those who love hunting the hare.

S O N G C C C I .

CASTLE BERRY.

Sung by Mr Bannister.

T WAS in a village, near Castle Berry,
 A cobbler and his wife did dwell,
 And for a time, no two so merry;
 Their happiness no tongue can tell:
 But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
 Did something happen which caus'd much
 strife,
 For, going to a neighb'ring ale-house,
 The man got drunk, and beat his wife.

But tho' he treated her so vilely,
 What did his wife, good creature do!
 Kept snug, and found a method, sily,
 To wring his heart quite thro' and thro':
 For Dick, the tapster, and his master,
 By the report that then was rife,
 Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
 To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
 And all their furniture was sold,
 She seem'd t' approve of all was doing,
 And got from each a purse of gold:
 So when the cobbler's cares were over,
 He swore to lead an alter'd life,
 To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
 And love no other but his wife.

SONG CCCLI.

Set by Mr HUDSON.

SOPHIA! name for ever dear!
 (Soft is the accent, sweet the sound)
 All nature smiles when she is near,
 And ev'ry heart with joy is crown'd.
 The nymphs and swains, both grave and gay,
 Do all unite to speak her praise;
 Her charms maintain a sov'reign sway,
 And fondest wishes ever raise.

Ye gods! could I but call her mine,
 And clasp her in my fond embrace;
 All other joys I would resign,
 Nor envy e'en a monarch's place.
 Then would my heart with transport glow,
 And sweet contentment fill my breast;
 Nor doubts nor troubles should I know,
 Whilst I beheld Sophia blest.

SONG CCCLII.

HOW WELCOME MY SHEPHERD.

HOW welcome, my shepherd, how welcome
 to me,
 is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee:
 But when thou art absent, how joyless am I!
 Contented, me thinks, I could sit down and die.

The oft'ner I see you, the more I approve,
 The choice I have made, and am fix'd in my love;
 For merit like your's still brighter is shewn,
 And more to be valu'd, the more it is known.

To live in a cottage with thee I wou'd chuse,
 And crowns, for thy sake, I wou'd gladly refuse;
 Not all the vast treasure of wealthy Peru,
 To me wou'd seem precious, if balanc'd with you.

For all my ambition to thee is confin'd,
 And nothing cou'd please me, if thou wert unkind;
 Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be,
 Than plac'd on a throne, if to reign without thee.

S O N G CCCLIII.

Sung in the DUENNA.

OH! had my love ne'er smil'd on me;
 I ne'er had known such anguish;
 But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish;
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd,
 And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate—who, on a wreck,
 That drove as winds did blow it—
 Silent, had left the shatter'd deck,
 To find a grave below it:

Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it,
 —Not worse his fate—his woe to find.
 The wreck must sink e'er near it.

S O ' N G CCCLIV.

Sung in the Duenna.

COME, now for jest and smiling,
 Both old and young beguiling,
 Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay.
 'Til we banish care away ;
 Thus crown'd with dance and song,
 The hours shall glide along,
 With a heart at ease, merry, merry glee,
 Can never fail to please.

Each bride with blushes glowing,
 O'er wine as rosy flowing,
 Let us laugh and play, &c.
 Then a health to ev'ry friend,
 The night's repast shall end ;
 With a heart at ease, &c.

Nor while we are so joyous,
 Shall anxious care annoy us ;
 Let us laugh and play, &c.
 For gen'rous guests like these,
 Accept the wish to please ;
 So we'll laugh and play, all blithe and gay,
 Your smiles drive care away.

S O N G CCCLV.

Sung in CYMON.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
 The men were kind and true;
 But now they're grown so false and bold,
 What can a woman do?
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two!

When I were fair—tho' now so, so,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat, nor fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith and love;
 What can a woman do?
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two!

S O N G CCCLVI.

Sung in CYMON.

TAX my tongue! it is a shame!
 Merlin, sure, is much to blame,
 Not to let it sweetly flow.
 Yet the favours of the great,
 And the silly maiden's fate,
 Often follow, Yes or No.

Lack a day!
 Poor Fatima!
 Stinted so,
 To yes or no.

Should I want to talk and chat,
 Tell Urganda this or that,
 How shall I about it go!
 Let her ask me what she will,
 I must keep my clapper still,
 Striking only yes or no.
 Lack a day!
 Poor Fatima!
 Stinted so,
 To yes or no.

S O N G CCCLVII.

By G. A. STEVENS.

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the
 round earth,
 He subpœnad the virtues divine;
 Young Bacchus he sat præcedentum of mirth,
 And the toast was, wit, women, and wine.

The sentiment tickled the ear of each god;
 Apollo he wink'd to the nine;
 And Venus gave Mars, too, a fly wanton nod,
 When she drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,
 While Juno, for once look'd divine:

These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,
And the toast is, wit, women, and wine.

These are joys worthy gods, which to mortals
are giv'n,

Says Momus: who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in
heav'n,
If men have wit, women, and wine.

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven;
Such attractions no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house in
heav'n,
For we follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to the
earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and
mirth
Are below, with wit, women, and wine?

S O N G CCCLVIII.

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of the plain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair;
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
No time nor enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, till the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the
swain.

Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade ;
 'That the lovers alone for each other were made :
 But all, all consented that none ever knew
 A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take
 care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair :
 What either did want, he bid either to move ;
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love :
 Said 'twas all that to please them his god-head
 cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, and still might be
 true.

S O N G CCCLIX.

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,
 I feel my heart I can't tell how ;
 When Molly is on Sunday dress'd,
 On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do on working-days ?
 I leave my work on her to gaze.
 What shall I say ? at sermons I
 Forget the text, when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
 To mind your preaching and my plow ;
 And if for this you'll raise a spell,
 A good fat goose shall thank you well.

S O N G CCCLX.

Sung in MIDAS.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stept in leather shoe,
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do ;
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him ;
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue :
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him ;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

S O N G CCCLXI.

By Mr SHENSTONE.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
 That rule o'er every British mind ;
 Be sure you soothe their amorous flames,
 Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
 In unremitting sighs away ;
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
 And faintly blest the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
 A British youth should vainly moan ;

Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

No pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er these gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G CCCLXII.

Sung in the CAMP.

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
And kindly seeks her faithful swain;
Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms,
His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes sally'd forth,
To rescue innocence and worth,
The fair-ones image in the heart,
Could vigour to their nerves impart.

Then what superior laurels, now,
Must grace the happy soldier's brow;
Blest with her presence in the field,
To whom alone his heart can yield!

S O N G CCCLXIII.

COME now all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the present hour,
Enliven those before us:

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Sport and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of generous passion ;
 Nor will ever bow before
 Those idols, Wealth or Fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague shou'd we be sad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder ;
 Rich or poor, or grave or mad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship! O thy smile's divine,
 Bright in ev'ry feature ;
 What but friendship, love, and wine
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will steal away,
 In spite of all our sorrow,
 Let's be blithe and gay to day,
 And never mind to-morrow.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Sport and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

S O N G CCCLXIV.

A BALLAD.

Set by Mr Worgan. Sung by Miss Jameſon.

TO pleaſe me the more, and to change the
dull ſcene,
My ſwain took me oft to the ſports on the green;
And to every fine ſight wou'd he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd leſt my heart ſhould grow weary of
home.

To yield to my ſhepherd ſo fond and ſo kind,
I leſt my dear cot and true pleaſures behind;
And oft as I went, ſaw 'twas folly to roam,
For falſe all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
I ſigh'd for no ſwain with my own in my ſight;
Then how could I wiſh all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there
too long,
I'm bleſt as I can be, and ſing my glad ſong;
I aſk not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor chuſe to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye ſhepherds, ſo frolic and gay,
Who, in roving, now flutter your moments away,
Believe it, my aim ſhall be, never to roam,
But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

S O N G CCCLXV.

THE INDIFFERENT.

THE tender look, the winning smile,
 No more shall my fond hopes beguile;
 Nelly, thy arts are vain:
 The pitying gods my peace restore;
 Freedom's a golden dream no more;
 At length I burst my chain.

In me no wonted ardour glows,
 No more my colour ebbs and flows,
 When on thy face I gaze;
 My heart ne'er flutters at thy name;
 No symptoms of a lurking flame,
 My peaceful breast betrays.

When from my breast I wrench'd the dart,
 I blush to think my tortur'd heart
 Was cleft almost in twain:
 Who wou'd not some sharp pain endure,
 The wounds of slighted love to cure,
 And be himself again?

The line-caught bird wou'd rather chuse
 Some plumes, than liberty, to lose;
 Time soon that loss repairs:
 In vain we, to retake him, strive,
 The sky-experienc'd fugitive
 Eludes all future snares.

Which of us two wants comfort most?
 Thou hast a constant lover lost;
 I quit a fickle fair:

Nelly, a heart so true, so kind
 As mine, is very hard to find;
 Coquets swarm every where.

SONG CCCLXVI.

AT heavenly synod once arose
 A wondrous strong debate,
 This mighty secret to disclose—
 What makes a mortal great.

Mars bluster'd forth, that love of arms
 Enrich'd the daring soul,
 And Bacchus swore, the brightest charms
 O'erflow'd the sparkling bowl:

That he who, fill'd with generous wine,
 Cou'd frolic, laugh, and sing,
 Was far more rich, was more divine,
 And greater than a king.

Apollo vow'd, with music's pow'r,
 None other could compare;
 But Jove produc'd his golden show'r,
 And fix'd true greatness there.

Pallas, to wisdom ever dear,
 Heard gravely what had past;
 The goddess came prepar'd to hear,
 And silence broke at last:

Your show'r, she cried, will melt away,
 Your music lose its charms;
 Your sparkling bowls will all decay,
 And rust o'erspread your arms.

But heav'n-born Virtue knows not change,
 No time dissolves her state ;
 To blest eternity she'll range ;
 'Tis she makes mortals great.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

FRIENDSHIP.

CHORUS. .

HAIL Friendship! 'tis to thee we owe
 The greatest blessings mortals know.

AIR.

When e'er the mind's with grief oppress'd,
 And sorrow rankles thro' the breast ;
 Thy sacred influence does impart,
 Fresh comfort to the bleeding heart ;
 Thou smooths the brow of fell Despair,
 And drys the unavailing tear.

CHORUS.

Hail Friendship! 'tis to thee we owe
 The greatest blessings mortals know.

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;—
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,

No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other youth commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

S O N G CCCLXIX.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

Sung by Mrs Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

COME list to me, ye gay and free,
And ye whom cares molest,
War, wine, and love, but tend to prove
That second thoughts are best !
The queen of charms, the god of arms,
Gay Bacchus, and the rest,
When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce
That second thoughts are best !

The jealous boy, if Daphne's coy,
'Gainst Cupid will protest ;

His nymph disdain, then think again :
 For second thoughts are best !
 The fair-one too, unus'd to woo,
 Drives Henry from her breast ;
 Then seeks the elf, makes love herself :
 For second thoughts are best !

And Mars, who doats on scarlet coats,
 I'm sure will stand the test,
 Nor frowns on her who dares aver,
 That second thoughts are best !
 E'en Neptune too, our fleet in view,
 Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest ;
 They meant to fight, he put them right—
 Their second thoughts are best !

Again but mark the tippling spark,
 When seated as a guest,
 At first resign his darling wine,
 But second thoughts are best !
 And you, I see, will side with me :
 Some, louder than the rest ;
 Will cry, No more, and then Encore—
 But second thoughts are best !

S O N G CCCLXX.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move ;
 Which can be just and kind ?

Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest :

The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast ?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain :
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

S O N G CCCLXXI.

FROM SHAKESPEAR'S CYMBELINE.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rise all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid :
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,

Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's self be dead.

S O N G CCCLXXII.

By Mr W. Whitehead.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicsome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
The sexes at once to confound :
What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex ?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call every art to her aid,
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare ;
Should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view.
And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure;
 O! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay!
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly
 his lay!

So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
 join'd!

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her motion, how sweet was her tongue!
 And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere,
 But alas! she redoubled each hope and each fear;
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve.
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain:

"Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her a while;
If she love you, she soon will return with a smile:
You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And by absence will conquer her heart, or your own.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas! to the fair-one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you tease one,
To say, what won my heart;
It cannot sure be treason,
If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming;
'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright;
'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming;
Nor beauty's dazzling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining;
Nor shape, that made me sigh:
'Twas not your tongue, complaining,
For that I knew—might lye.

No—'twas your generous nature;
Bold, soft; sincere, and gay:
It shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

A DIEU! ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid stream and shady tree
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove:
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,
 And bid your frantic joys adieu!

The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I
 stray'd;
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid;
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run;
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun!
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the
plains,

Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
pains;

How many soft moments I spent in this grove!

How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my
love!

Be still tho', my heart! thine emotion give o'er;

Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs!

Then, breathless with ardour my fair-one pursu'd,

And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd!

But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er;

Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no
more.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

By Mr RICHARDSON, Frosterly.

ON my gentle Delia's breast,
In the woodbine-twisted bow'r,
Be't my fate, ye gods! to rest,
In the sultry noontide hour.

When the fervid lamp of day
To the western shore declines,
Then together let us stray,
Thro' yon groves of twisted pines.

K k

There, in social converse sweet,
 Pass the ev'ning hours away ;
 And, in some secure retreat,
 Slumber till the break of day.

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S WISH.

By the Same.

LET others praise the lofty maid,
 Or paint the titled fair ;
 Give me, ye gods ! the rural lass,
 Who tends her fleecy care.

Whose auburn tresses sweetly flow
 Around her lovely waist ;
 Whose cheeks, like blushing rose-buds, glow,
 In some lone desert plac'd.

Whose lips, untaught in falsehood's wiles,
 Disdain not to impart,
 With artless modesty and truth,
 The language of the heart.

Whose native plains her wishes bound ;
 Whose flock is all her store :
 Give me, ye gods ! a nymph like this,—
 My soul desires no more.

SONG CCCLXXIX.

THE LUCKY MOMENT.

By the Same.

WHEN Damon saw Clarinda lie
 Supine, with noon-day heat oppress'd,
 Beneath yon verdant elm-tree's shade,
 What strange emotions fill'd his breast!

Clarinda was his only care;
 For her he cull'd each rising flow'r;
 For her he daily interwove,
 With fragrant sweets, the jess'mine bow'r.

For her he sigh'd;—'twas her he lov'd;—
 Of all his sonnets, she the theme;
 Or with his flocks on yonder hill,
 Or musing by yon purling stream.

Yet (strange return of faithful love!)
 His pray'rs, his tears were all in vain;
 She saw, unmov'd, his deep distress,
 Nor strove nor wish'd to ease his pain.

His breast with fruitless passion glows;
 Unhappy swain!—What shalt thou do?
 Go, this unguarded minute try,
 Perhaps the nymph may hear thy vow.

He went;—"Propitious hear my pray'r,
 Kind God of Love! transfix her breast;
 That she may feel, nor feel in vain,
 The flame that robs my soul of rest."

The gentle deity approv'd
 Th' unhappy shepherd's ardent pray'r,
 And rais'd in her a mutual flame,
 And eas'd, at once, his pain and care.

S O N G CCCLXXX.

By the Same.

TUNE—Banks of the Dee.

ON Teefe' sweet banks as I fate with my Molly,
 So chearful, so charming, so frolic, and free,
 Away, gloomy Care, said I, hence Melancholy,
 Nor think of attending on Molly and me.
 The sun to old ocean was slowly descending;
 The shepherd his flocks on the wild heath attend-
 ing;
 The plowman, sweet whistling, his way home-
 ward bending,
 And carelessly gazing on Molly and me.
 The innocent milk-maid was tripping so neatly,
 And calling her kine o'er the sweet-scented lea;
 The thrush and the blackbird were singing full
 sweetly,
 And chanting their carols to Molly and me.
 The daisy, the pink, and the violet sweet blooming;
 The hawthorn and woodbine the thicket perfum-
 ing;
 Sweet Philomel sadly her wild notes resuming;
 Elest scene of retirement for Molly and me.
 Possess of my Molly, false Fortune defying;
 From sorrow, from care, and anxiety free:

The darts of old Time o'er our heads widely flying,
 What pair are so happy as Molly and me?
 Dear scenes of contentment, for ever inviting;
 New pleasures, new beauties, for ever delighting;
 With mutual affection each other requiting,
 Say, who are so happy as Molly and me!

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

By the Same.

AH! Damon, how luckless the day,
 When first my fond heart you betray'd,
 When first I gave ear to your lay,
 Beneath the cool sycamore shade.

How blest were the moments before!
 With virtue and innocence crown'd;
 How vainly their loss I deplore,
 When that innocence cannot be found.

Beware, ah! ye shepherds, beware,
 How ye tempt a poor innocent maid;
 And listen with caution, ye fair,
 Nor be like poor Sylvia betray'd.

S O N G CCCLXXXII.

A CATCH, FOR THREE VOICES.

SINCE my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my
 share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to
 the fair.

And the man here who envies me most,
Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to
the toast.

For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup :
To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the constable,
To the brim fill the constable,
To the brim fill the constable up.

S O N G CCCLXXXIII.

By * * * * *.

YE midnight bucks, ye jovial blades,
Resign, a while, your Folly,
And join with me, that we may praise
The lovely charming Molly.

Ye reeling toppers, hither haste,
So jovial, gay, and jolly ;
And say if e'er a nymph you've seen,
Like lovely charming Molly.

And you, ye gay, ye vernal throng,
True foes to melancholy ;
'Twill match you all a nymph to show,
Like lovely charming Molly.

A form, like Venus fair ; a heart
Averse to pride and folly,
Adorns the maid for whom I sigh ;
The lovely charming Molly.

S O N G CCCLXXXIV.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

WHEN dew-drops gild the weeping thorn,
 And hoarse-pip'd rooks salute the morn,
 Fair Cynthia charm'd the grove :
 Her voice, like Philomella rung,
 But still the burthen of her song
 Was false and perjur'd love.

Young Colin, who had stray'd that way,
 When larks, the heralds of the day,
 Their dewy nests forsake,
 Impatient, lurk'd behind a bush,
 To hear, and view the beauteous blush,
 That painted Cynthia's cheek.

Against the sweet enchanting strain,
 No longer able to contain,
 He thus himself address'd :
 My flocks, cry'd he, shall all be thine,
 My dog, my crook, be you but mine,
 And bless a shepherd's breast.

In vain, she cry'd, fond youth you sue,
 To church with me you first must go,
 Of which the swain approv'd ;
 Then to the grove again he led
 The ripen'd, panting, melting maid,
 Where both dissolv'd in love.

When bliss was past, young Colin cry'd,
 Had you at first thus far comply'd,

I ne'er had seen thee more ;
 Be hush'd, cry'd she, I knew thy will,
 For Hodge, who lives at yonder mill,
 Once serv'd me so before.

S O N G CCCLXXXV.

A SCOTCH RONDEAU.

O'ER the seas my love is sailing,
 Gently blow, ye eastern gales;
 Love his dear approach is hailing,
 Flies to view the swelling sails.

O'er the ocean whilst he's roving,
 Who has brav'd the sultry clime,
 I endure the pain of loving,
 I grow sick of thought and time.

Sea-nymphs all the while are playing,
 Guard his vessel safe from harms;
 But no more shall he be staying,
 Damon's port shall be my arms.

FINIS



